

SPECIAL 15TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

DETAILS

THE
LEADING
MEN

THE MOST
INFLUENTIAL
CULTURAL
FIGURES OF
THE NEW
MILLENNIUM

Starring
Bradley Cooper

+

PHARRELL
WILLIAMS,
JUDD
APATOW,
ALEX
RODRIGUEZ,
AND THE MOST
WANTED
MAN IN
THE WORLD





PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATJA RAHLWES IN LONDON'S KENSINGTON NEIGHBORHOOD ON JULY 28, 2015. STYLING BY DAN MAY. GATEFOLD: JACKET BY TOM FORD, HENLEY BY EIDOS, PANTS BY BOTTEGA VENETA. COVER: CLOTHING BY DOLCE AND GABBANA. WATCH, HIS OWN.

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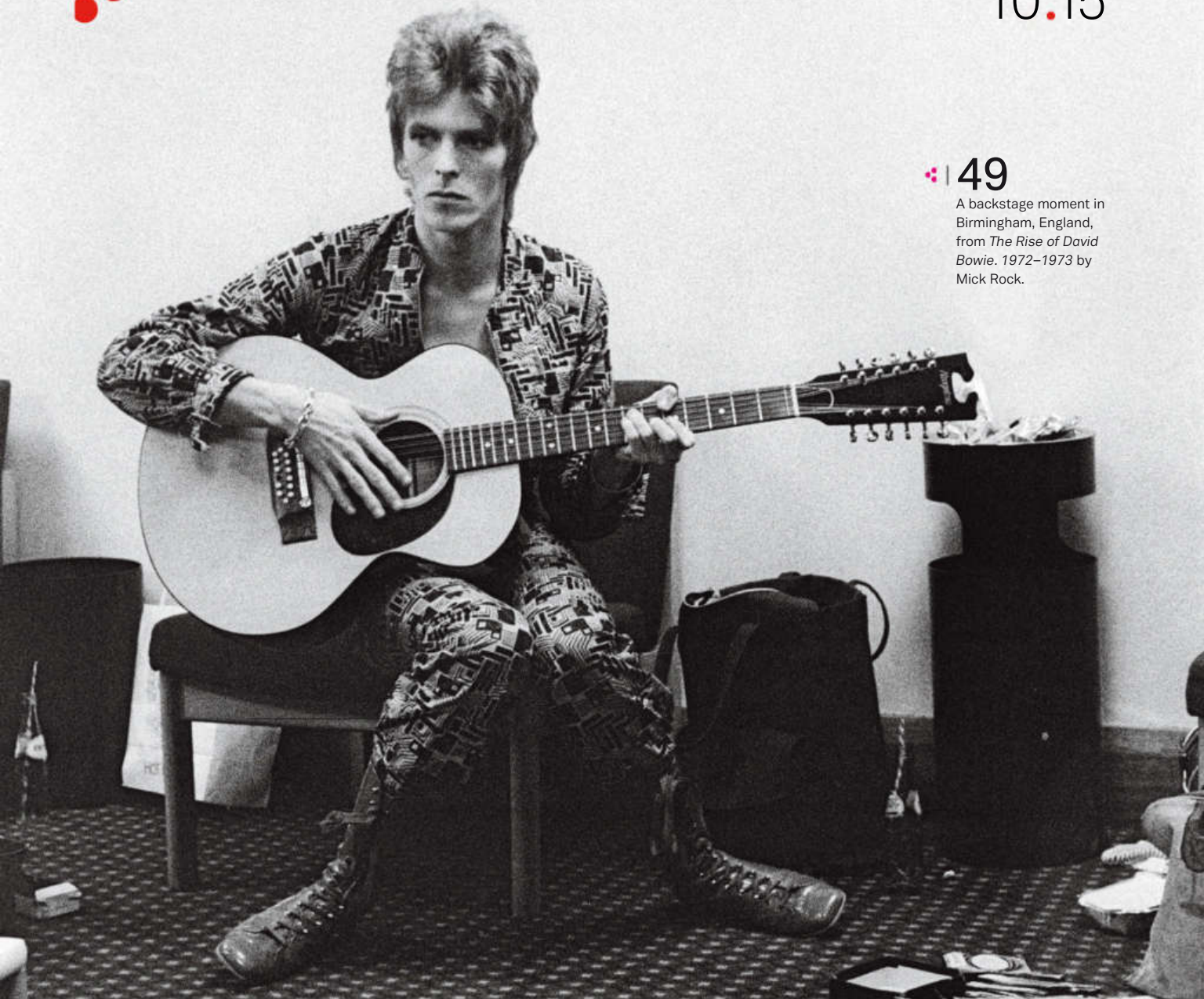
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49

A backstage moment in Birmingham, England, from *The Rise of David Bowie*. 1972–1973 by Mick Rock.

VOLUME 34 ISSUE 01

FEATURES

SPECIAL SECTION: 103 | THE LEADING MEN

To commemorate our 15th anniversary, a 30-page portfolio celebrating the figures whose influence has shaped every facet of our culture and defined the young millennium—from Hollywood's most bankable star, Bradley Cooper, to America's most sought-

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You don't need to travel far to get the best looks for your winter wardrobe. A nation-by-nation tour of standout fashion from seven countries—and the biggest names in menswear. Photographs by Maurizio Bavutti

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A new coffee-table book about David Bowie bears witness to the supernova that was Ziggy Stardust.

50 | TRAVEL

Forget Barolo and the Loire Valley: Up-and-coming wine-making regions in Europe combine old-world charm with modern accommodations. Plus: an

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BOTTEGA VENETA



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Oktoberfest alternative; in praise of Armagnac.

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Scream Queens star Lucien Laviscount is up for anything the buzzy horror-comedy series requires. (Six-pack included.)

56 | THE BIG IDEA

TV recaps are turning us all into intellectual copycats and overwrought conspiracy theorists. It's time to turn on, tune in, and shut up.

58 | DESIGN

Why keep a killer wardrobe behind closed doors when you can showcase it in an armoire the folks at Apple would be proud of?

60 | BODY

If you've ever been embarrassed to order the steak frites with a side of frites, this story's for you.

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Eleven Madison Park and NoMad chef Daniel Humm shares his favorite meals—and the secret to his epic roast chicken.

67 | AUTO

The debut of the first-ever Bentley SUV (price: \$230,000) means the age of the ultra-luxury off-roader has officially arrived.

68 | MUSIC

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78 | UPGRADE

Picking knits has never been easier: From zip-fronts to short-sleeve V-necks, this season it's all about options.

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Introducing the Urban Nomad, which mixes technical and tailored pieces with a dash of *Blade Runner* cool.

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Wedge soles give a little lift to even the most buttoned-up look.

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Actor Lucien Laviscount, the son of bodybuilders, does his family proud.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ELIAS TAHAN. T-SHIRT BY ALTERNATIVE APPAREL. PANTS BY SAVE KHAKI UNITED. SNEAKERS BY NIKE.

INSIDER //



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He brought the suit into the 21st century. Now Thom Browne is betting big on bespoke.

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Moscot celebrates its centennial, the jean jacket gets an upgrade, Paul Smith has a bright idea, and a subversive new fragrance line will have you booking it to Bergdorf.

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Ben Gorham, the Swede behind the cult fragrance house Byredo, breaks down his long-haired, inked-up look.

LAST WORD

**154 | SHOULD YOU ...
EAT BUGS?**

The edible-insect trend has legs. We weigh the pros and cons of bugging out.
By Steven Leckart

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Architect David Adjaye at one of his recent commissions, the Sugar Hill Development in Harlem.



JIMMY CHOO MAN

KIT HARRINGTON FOR THE FIRST MEN'S FRAGRANCE

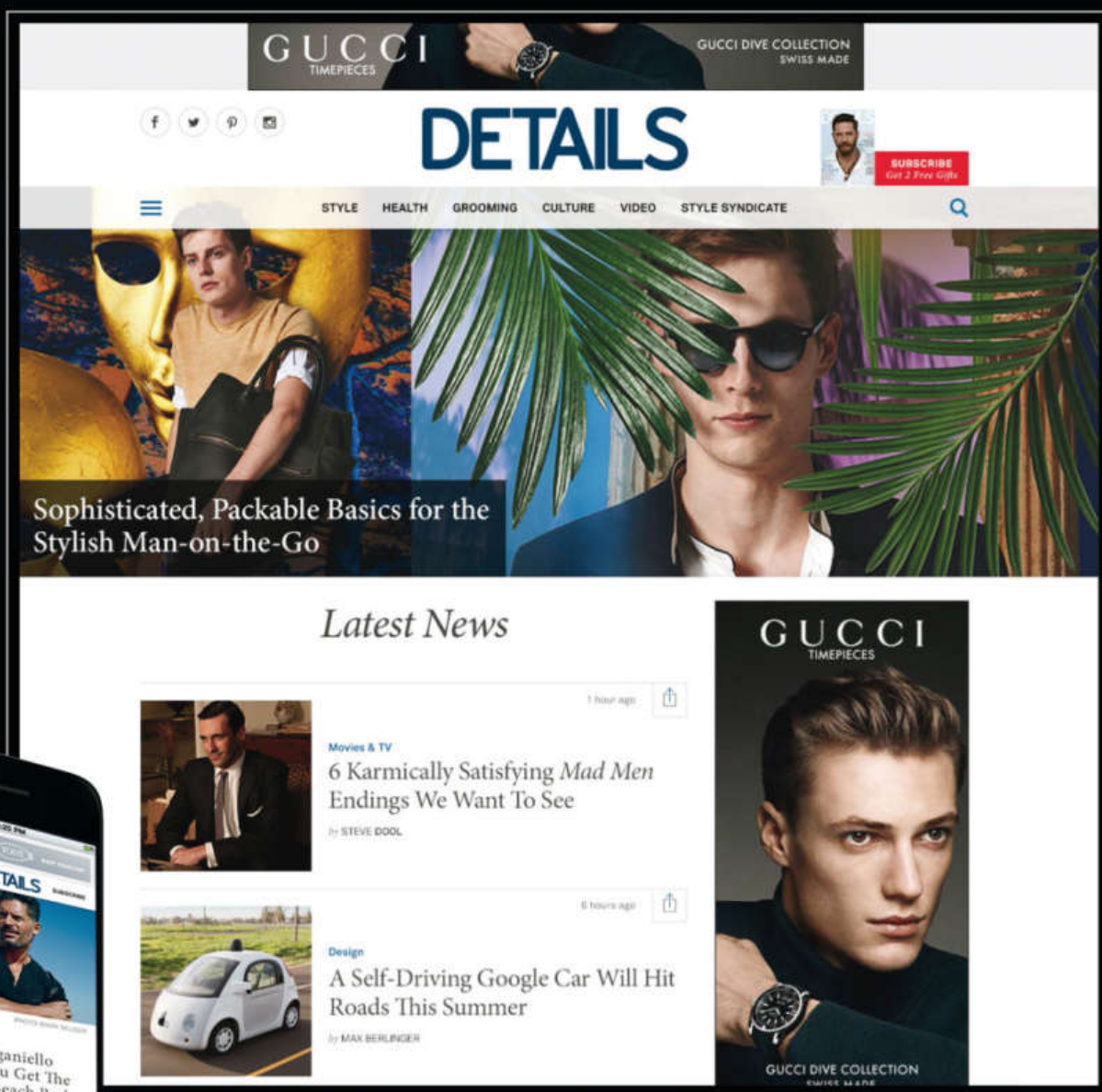
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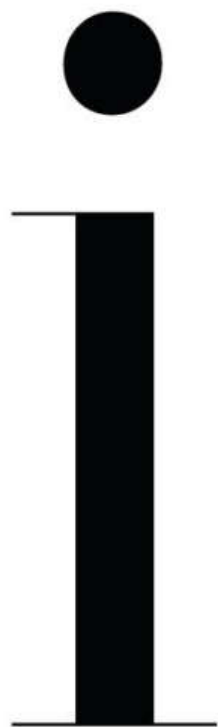
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IT'S NOT SIMPLE SETTING UP A PHOTO SHOOT WITH THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD.

First, Edward Snowden's lawyer asked that all communications be encrypted—yes, there's an app for that (Signal). "They then instructed us to choose any hotel within Moscow city limits and to offer them three possible dates, along with a two-hour window," says contributing editor **Ted Moncreiff**, who oversaw our "Leading Men" package (which begins on page 103). "As soon as we'd secured the room on the day of the shoot, I texted Team Snowden the number." Once the former National Security Agency contractor whose leaks exposed secret government surveillance was in front of the camera, says photographer **Arthur Bondar**, he was welcoming and open. "Edward told me that when he was stuck in the Moscow airport"—before being granted asylum—"his lawyer gave him a book by Dostoevsky to read," Bondar says. "The title was *Crime and Punishment*."

Thankfully, not everything about putting together this portfolio—a 30-page celebration of the most influential men in fashion, film, music, TV, technology, and more—was so cloak-and-dagger (though securing time with these in-demand individuals didn't happen overnight). Dries Van Noten came to us—or, more accurately, to photographer **Pierre Even**'s home studio in Paris, where Even lives with his family. The world's foremost locavore, chef René Redzepi, was similarly easygoing about his interview with *Saveur* editor-in-chief and *Details* contributing editor **Adam Sachs**—although Redzepi's anything but chill when it comes to his own cooking. "What makes René such a compelling character is that he's constantly pushing himself to make his food as interesting and powerful and singular as it can be," Sachs says. Even four-time cover star Bradley Cooper was relaxed shooting in London just hours before a performance of the titular role in *The Elephant Man*. "For an A-list celebrity, Bradley's remarkably laid-back when it comes to photo shoots," says **David Walters**, *Details*' entertainment director. "He was wrestling with the prop dogs, chatting with the stylist, even playing the piano."

PHOTOGRAPH BY STACEY DELORENZO.

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D

DOING JUST ABOUT ANYTHING WITH BRADLEY COOPER THESE DAYS CAN HARDLY BE SEEN AS A risk. The four-time Oscar nominee is arguably Hollywood's most reliable and bankable leading man. Of course, he's left the occasional dud in his wake, but Cooper is pretty much a sure thing. So putting him on the cover of this issue—a milestone of sorts that marks the 15th anniversary of the relaunch of *Details* in October 2000—was a no-brainer.

Six years ago, however, Cooper wasn't such a safe bet. He was a working actor, but he definitely wasn't a star, and his trajectory easily could have gone the way of Lifetime movies and random *NCIS* episodes. He knew as much when he came by the magazine's offices in the spring of 2009 to discuss being on the cover of *Details* for his role in an upcoming film called *The Hangover*.

"The only problem," I remember telling him, "is that—"

CONTINUED →

IN THE BEGINNING:
The first issue
of the relaunched
Details, in October
2000, featured
Robert Downey Jr.
This month's cover
is Bradley Cooper's
fourth for the magazine.



I AM MY FAMILY. REVUE SNOW



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→ CONTINUED

"Nobody knows who I am?" Cooper said, cutting me off.

"Bingo," I said as he doubled over with laughter.

Cooper's self-effacing humor and indefatigable work ethic, to say nothing of his good looks and charisma, landed him a magazine cover that afternoon. It was also the beginning of an important relationship for *Details*, as Cooper has come to serve as something of an unofficial brand ambassador—the unwitting standard-bearer, if you will, of the archetypal *Details* reader. This issue marks his fourth time on our cover (no one has appeared more since 2000) because he seemed the obvious choice to headline an anniversary package that celebrates a collection of the most influential men of the past 15 years.

"The Leading Men" (page 103) showcases the extraordinary cultural contributions of a

diverse group of risk-taking influencers. Since there wasn't an algorithm available to determine whom to include on the list, our editors engaged in rather spirited debate for months, making their most persuasive arguments for *this* architect and *that* chef or *that* tech mogul and *this* author. Trust me when I tell you this was an exhaustive—and exhausting—process. Still, we are acutely aware that there are many members of the "Establishment," the "new Establishment," and the "anti-Establishment" who have been quietly, and not so quietly, shaping the world we live in but didn't end up in this issue. By all means, feel free to take it up with us on details.com, Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter. As always, we are eager to hear what you have to say. After all, you're the reason we're still here in 2015. You've earned the right to weigh in.

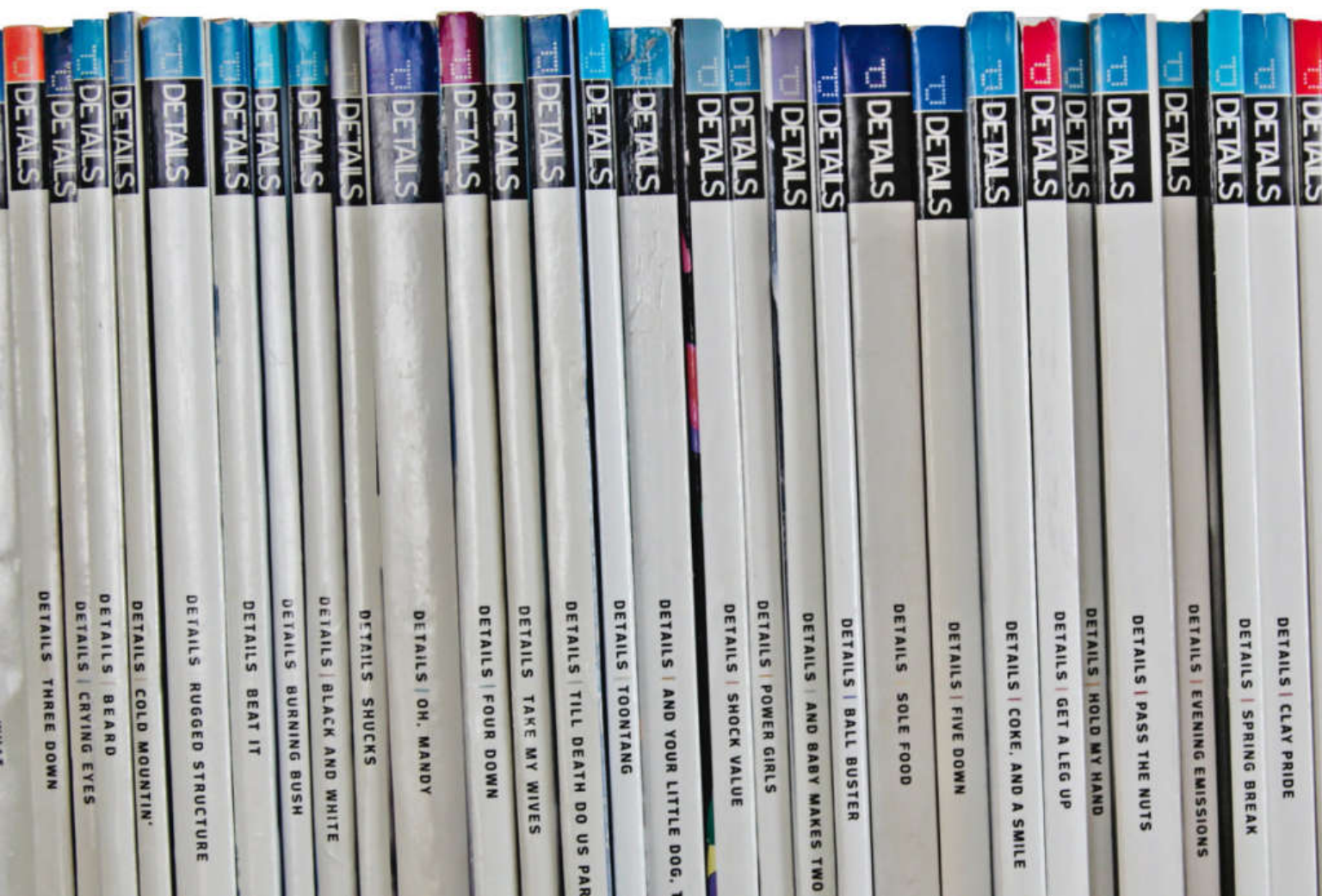
We've all come a long way in the past 15 years. In 2000, as this magazine was being re-concepted, there was no iPhone, no Instagram, no hashtags, no Kimye, no war on terror. Justin Bieber was 6. Barack Obama was a law professor. And Bradley Cooper was working as a doorman at a trendy New York hotel.

"This is all surreal," Cooper, then a first-time Best Actor nominee, told *Details* in 2013 when we sat down with him the day before the Oscars. "If you had told me 15 years ago that this would happen, I . . ." His voice trailed off as he shook his head in disbelief.

Today, Cooper appreciates just how much has changed for him since his doorman days. "The things that used to plague me now seem meaningless," he says. "Willingness to fail is much easier now."

Spoken like a true risk-taker. —D.P.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STACEY DELORENZO.



CHANEL



THE NEW EAU DE PARFUM



3 POINT STYLE

JARRETT JACK

WE SAT DOWN WITH BROOKLYN NETS POINT GUARD, JARRETT JACK, TO GET HIS THOUGHTS ON SOUTHERN STYLE AND THE DESIGNERS THAT ARE KILLING IT TODAY

DETAILS INSIDER: How would you describe your aesthetic?

JARRETT JACK: I'm a big shoe guy. I believe you start from the bottom up. A nice pair of shoes helps tie the entire outfit together.

DI: Who are your style icons and influences?

JJ: There are a few: Swizz Beatz, Pharrell. I think those guys always keep it clean and classy, but seem to make any outfit their own and let their personality show a bit. I'm a big fan of people that are able to do that.

DI: Any favorite designers right now?

JJ: Probably Neil Barrett. I like that he keeps everything crisp and clean; usually black and white. He doesn't wow you with too much color, but that keeps the sharpness of the outfit.

DI: Who do you think is nailing it right now in terms of street style and celebrities on the scene?

JJ: A person that I've always looked up to as far as dressing and style is Fabolous. We just dress one in the same. He is big on streetwear, tennis shoes and sneakers, but he always keeps it clean and classy. Kanye is always setting the bar pretty high and does a tremendous job playing with different proportions. Pharrell is a person I always look to. He's not afraid to go outside the box—always pushing the envelope.

DI: Did your time at Georgia Tech in Atlanta have any influence on your current style?

JJ: Somewhat. When you go down south to Atlanta you start to see bright colors. Andre 3000 is the first person to come to mind that really, really pushes the envelope. He was somebody that always wanted to be different. Down in Atlanta, he speaks what those people live and breathe.

DI: Has joining the Brooklyn Nets and being in NYC influenced your style?

JJ: Yeah! The great thing about this city is people watching and seeing the various styles that people bring to the table. It definitely shows how eclectic the city is.

DI: What is your one must-have item that you can't live without?

JJ: Probably my Jordan 1s or my Saint Laurent sneakers—a real slim, sleek sneaker always goes well with a nice pair of jeans and a blazer or even just a t-shirt.



A male model with vibrant pink hair is the central figure, posed in a dynamic, crouching position against a light grey, textured concrete wall. He is wearing a dark, pinstriped Versace suit, which includes a jacket and trousers. Underneath the suit, he wears a black shirt and a black tie, accented with a gold-toned tie clip. On his left wrist, a black Versace watch with a gold-toned face is visible. He is also wearing black lace-up dress shoes. The lighting is dramatic, casting shadows on the wall behind him. The overall aesthetic is sophisticated and modern.

VERSACE



RETROSPECTIVE

STARDUST MEMORIES

DAVID BOWIE'S CAREER SPANS MORE THAN FIVE DECADES. HIS ZIGGY STARDUST CHAPTER LASTED ONLY about two years, peaking with the 1972 release of *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars*—and yet it's that persona, birthed in a bath of glitter, that defines him still. So much so that, 43 years later, Taschen is releasing *The Rise of David Bowie*. 1972–1973 (\$700), a limited-edition collection of official Bowie photographer Mick Rock's work, half of which is previously unseen. Rock captured the flame-haired icon both on stage—Lurex-clad limbs swaying before rapturous crowds—and backstage: Bowie's extraterrestrial alter ego smoking a cigarette, applying makeup, or just contemplating his visage in the mirror. What's most striking about the imagery is that while the androgynous space-sex aesthetic was a rocket-fueled departure from the inward-looking hippie dream music that preceded it, it doesn't seem to be coming at us from another planet today. There's a prescience to Stardust that makes him a more familiar, accepted figure now than he would have been to fans in the seventies, and maybe that's why he remains so hard to let go of. —Kevin Pires

European Vacation: Where to Drink Now

The Continent's great wine-making regions—Burgundy, Tuscany, Bordeaux—are beautiful, historic, and plagued by swarms of tourists and obscene markups. Instead, enjoy some of Europe's undiscovered viticultural gems (and some world-class distilleries and breweries, to boot) soon to be blowing up wine lists back home. Cheers to that.



WINE

Macedonia

This Balkan republic has only recently emerged as an enthusiast favorite even though it's been perfecting its wine-making since the Roman Empire. Ample sunshine and rich, rocky soil make for bright acidity and clean, mineral

flavors. "I think of Macedonia as the underdog of the wine world," says Michael Drapkin, a former sommelier at Balthazar in New York City who now champions indie labels at Kingston Wine Co., his shop in New York's Hudson Valley.

WHERE TO STAY: Bushi Resort & Spa is located in the heart of Skopje, Macedonia's capital city, a short walk from amazing Ottoman and Byzantine architecture in

the city's historic Old Bazaar. *From \$97 a night; bushiresort.com*

WHAT TO DRINK: 2011 Tikveš Special Selection Vranec (\$10), an ideal thirst quencher for long, leisurely lunches that's made from the Vranec grape, which has been growing in the region for millennia.

Jura Mountains

The mountain range connecting the

Burgundy region of France and the Swiss Alps produces idiosyncratic wines that don't hew to current commercial tastes for light bodies and fruity notes. Instead, makers introduce oxygen into the barreling process to create intensely savory, nutty flavors. "French-wine enthusiasts are flocking to Jura wines right now because of their unique flavor profiles and

excellent quality-to-price ratio," Drapkin says.

WHERE TO STAY: Take your pick of charming rentals—everything from a spacious log cabin in Franche-Comté to a pair of river-front apartments in a leafy outpost near Porrentruy (\$147 and \$219 a night, respectively; homeaway.com)—or nearby five-star hotels like Les Fermes de Marie, in Megève, France (from \$182 a night;

en.fermesdemarie.com), which also puts you right in the middle of the region's world-class skiing.

WHAT TO DRINK: 2011 Domaine de Montborgeau L'Etoile (\$28), a savory blend of Chardonnay and Savagnin (a grape variety unique to the area) with notes of sherry. Nicole Deriaux harvests the same grapes her grandfather planted on the land in 1920.

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→ CONTINUED

Tokaj, Hungary

"Hungary is in the middle of a wine-making renaissance," says Megan Ardizoni, beverage manager at New York City's Beauty & Essex, who features emerging regions on a page of the restaurant's wine list. The northeastern part of Hungary is famous for rich, late-harvest dessert wines, but drier, steel-fermented wines are becoming increasingly popular. "Hungary has the volcanic-soil composition and climate that a lot of the best wine regions in the world have," Ardizoni

says. "It creates these concentrated, mineral, robust wines that Hungary is nailing right now."

WHERE TO STAY: Gróf De-genfeld Castle Hotel, a family-owned château and vineyard that dou-



The versatile Agricultura Tinto (left), from Portugal, and Château Pajzos (right), a hearty Hungarian white.

bles as a four-star hotel. *From \$120 a night; hotel grofdegenfeld.hu/en*

WHAT TO DRINK: 2013 Château Pajzos Tokaji Furmint (\$14), from one of the region's most respected vineyards, is a mildly floral white made with indigenous Furmint grapes that's similar in taste to Sauternes.

Alentejo, Portugal

Portugal isn't all about Port—this region, a 90-minute drive east of Lisbon, has become a world-class wine destination in its own right. There's a style for



A fireplace lounge under the stars at L'And Vineyards resort.

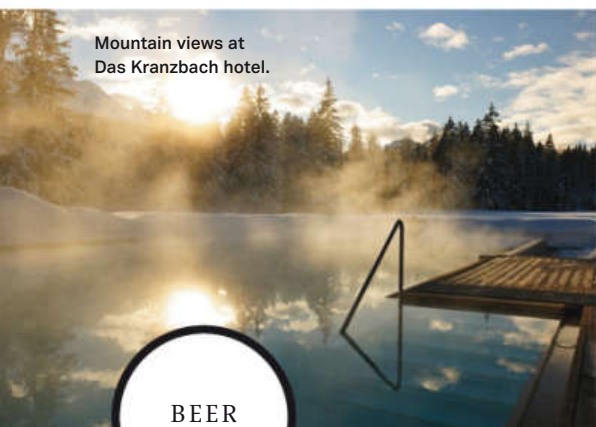
almost any palate, from the lunchtime-friendly Agricultura popular with Pinot Noir enthusiasts to more expansive options that evoke the richness of Zinfandel. Buses between towns are infrequent; the best way to get around is to rent a car and follow the rolling hills of olive groves and cork trees that make up the Alentejo Wine Route (and pick up some local, acorn-fed pre-sunto ham for the ride).

WHERE TO STAY: The L'And Vineyards resort offers a Caudalie spa and a Michelin-starred restaurant right on the property.

From \$257 a night; l-andvineyards.com/en

WHAT TO DRINK: 2012 Agricultura Vinho Regional Alentejo Tinto (\$14), a red wine common in Lisbon bistros, with notes of sour cherries. "It's a red that pairs perfectly with seafood and tastes good chilled," Drapkin says.

Mountain views at Das Kranzbach hotel.



BEER

Bavaria's Abbey Trail

Skip the rowdy crowds at Oktoberfest (which actually kicks off in September, by the way) for this laid-back exploration of historic German brews. Located along the winding 120-mile route are the plentiful abbeys in which Benedictine monks began making

beer as far back as 1040. They originally gave the weaker ales to peasants and kept the strong stuff for themselves, but today anyone can enjoy the local Märzenbiers and bockbiers.

WHERE TO STAY: The high-style Das Kranzbach hotel has nine steam rooms and saunas and an outdoor infinity pool with spectacular views of the Alps. *From \$201 a night; askranzbach.de/en*

WHAT TO DRINK: Ettal Monastery (abtei.kloster-ettal.de/willkommen) makes its five brews according to the Bavarian Purity Law of 1516, which declared the only legally acceptable brewing ingredients to be malt, hops, and water. Sip the light, slightly sweet Ettaler Heller Bock. Or try the world's oldest dark beer, the smooth, nutty Kloster Barock Dunkel, at Weltenburger Monastery—founded way back in A.D. 617 (weltenburger.de). Build a solid drinking base with obazde, the region's signature snack, a mix of cheese, beer, butter, and spices, served with bread or pretzels. Have it at Bräustuberl Weißenstephan (braeustueberl-weißenstephan.de/en), where it was invented.

SPIRITS

Gascony

Southwest France is home to Armagnac, one of the world's oldest yet most neglected brandies. It's more niche than its famous cousin Cognac, and charmingly rougher. Visit in November, the traditional start for distillation, to watch third- and fourth-generation artisans at work.

WHERE TO STAY: La Bastide, an 18th-century charterhouse turned

luxé hotel with secluded gardens, a world-class spa, and a restaurant full of French classics. (The region, one of the great gourmand destinations in France, is known for its virtuosic use of bird fat, so be sure to try the roast duck.) *From \$206 a night; bastide-gasconne.com/en*

WHAT TO DRINK: Armagnac comes in two main types, Bas Armagnac and Ténarèze. For full-bodied, fruity Bas Armagnac, try Domaine Boingnères, where Martine Lafitte produces coveted distillations from rare Folle Blanche grapes on her 208-year-old estate. And the Beraut family makes top-notch Ténarèze at Château de Pellehaut—opt for the full-bodied Reserve bottling.

The Beraut family vineyards, left, produce Château de Pellehaut Reserve Armagnac.



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HOW I GOT MY BODY

Scream Queens Star Lucien Laviscount

The 23-year-old son of pro bodybuilders didn't even have to flash his abs to win a coveted role in Ryan Murphy's comedy-horror series—but he's still willing to if you're interested.

"MY INTRODUCTION TO FITNESS STARTED EARLY

because my mom and dad are ex-bodybuilders—they won Mr. and Miss Universe [in the mid-eighties and nineties]. My mom retired when I was born but started competing again when I was 8 or so. She placed in the British Championships after having three kids, which is quite cool. My parents never pushed me to do bodybuilding, though. They wanted me to try everything. I did ballet until I was 13 or 14.

"My parents have a gym back in the U.K., and it was always the last place my brothers and I wanted to be—sitting in the back of my mom's 'Tums and Bums' class after school. But around 17 or 18, I wanted to look more like a man. That's when I started training.

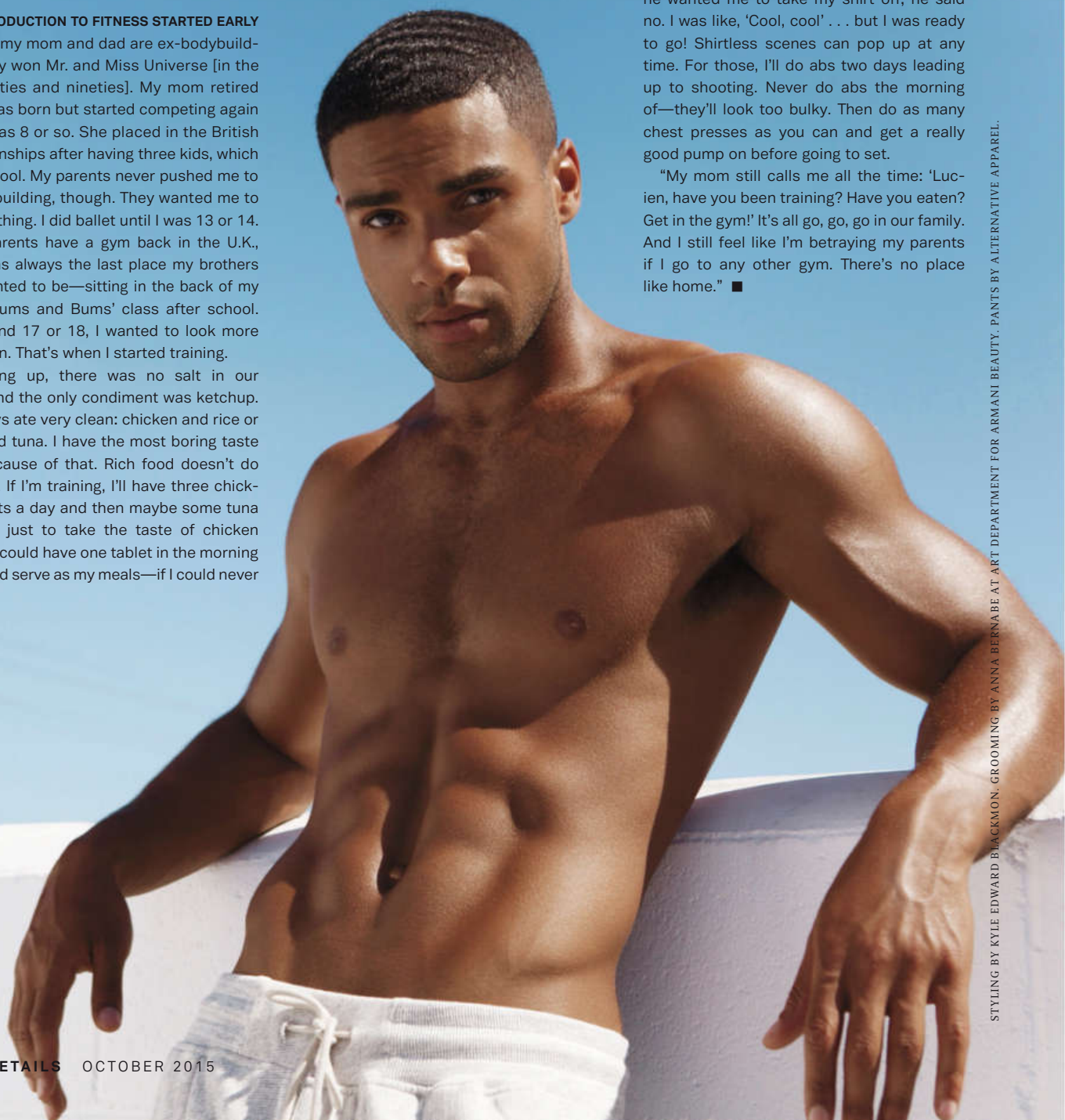
"Growing up, there was no salt in our house, and the only condiment was ketchup. We always ate very clean: chicken and rice or pasta and tuna. I have the most boring taste buds because of that. Rich food doesn't do it for me. If I'm training, I'll have three chicken breasts a day and then maybe some tuna mixed in just to take the taste of chicken away. If I could have one tablet in the morning that would serve as my meals—if I could never

taste food again—I would do that. Eating is definitely more of a chore for me.

"I work out at least five times a week, but never for longer than an hour. After that, your concentration goes. The last thing you want is to remember being bored in the gym. I hate myself when I'm not training, though. The worst thing you can hear is, 'You look like you've lost weight.' That's a kick in the nuts.

"In the *Scream Queens* audition scene I did for Ryan, my character was getting dressed, so I hit the gym beforehand. I asked him if he wanted me to take my shirt off; he said no. I was like, 'Cool, cool' . . . but I was ready to go! Shirtless scenes can pop up at any time. For those, I'll do abs two days leading up to shooting. Never do abs the morning of—they'll look too bulky. Then do as many chest presses as you can and get a really good pump on before going to set.

"My mom still calls me all the time: 'Lucien, have you been training? Have you eaten? Get in the gym!' It's all go, go, go in our family. And I still feel like I'm betraying my parents if I go to any other gym. There's no place like home." ■



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Are Recaps Ruining Television?

An Internet echo chamber of knee-jerk reactions and crackpot conspiracy theories may be tarnishing the small screen's Golden Age. For the sake of showrunners and couch potatoes alike, it's time to reconsider what we talk about when we talk (and talk and talk) about TV.

SAY YOU'RE AT THE OFFICE ON A MONDAY morning, waiting for your turn at the Flavia, trying to navigate a stretch of awkward kitchenette silence. Sensing an opportunity, Steve from Accounts Payable clears his throat and launches into a critique of last night's episode of *True Detective*, whose central theme

he confidently describes as being "about the prison of fate and the illusion of choice and the way some people are doomed by circumstance before they're even conceived." At this moment, Steve's critical analysis far outstrips anything you've previously known him to be capable of ("There are doughnuts in the con-



ference room, you guys”), and you begin to sense that somebody in this conversation is using crib notes.

Chances are, Steve’s been deep in the weeds of a TV recap, that online phenomenon that’s equal parts review, analysis, and post-credits decompression chamber. Recaps provide a simple and undeniably appealing prescription for appointment television: Watch one of these and read me in the morning. Need the number of Walkers Daryl Dixon lobotomized with a crossbow last season? Read a recap. Want the latest Jon Snow–ain’t-really-dead theory? Read a recap. Have no freaking clue what Ray Velcoro is talking about half the time? Recap. (EW.com alone tackles 76 series, from *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.* to *Zoo*.)

Television has thrived during the past two decades largely because it’s the Internet’s most inclusive topic of pop-cultural debate. “Music and movie-watching have changed radically in the Internet era,” says Grantland staff writer Andy Greenwald (the guy who actually wrote the line lifted by that fink Steve). “TV is in many ways our last communal medium.” It has also become a two-way street. “TV used to be a monologue; now it’s a conversation,” says Chris Hardwick, the host of AMC’s popular live after-show *Talking Dead*. “Blogging, big-media websites, recap shows—we’re living in the watercooler now.”

While there’s nothing wrong with sharing an experience, an Easter egg, a hot take on *Empire* as a retelling of *King Lear*, fighting the chop of these conversational waters can get tedious. “It’s like how CliffsNotes became this Yellow Badge of Idiocy,” says Damon Lindelof, creator of *Lost* and *The Leftovers*. “But remember how they used to say, ‘To be used with the book, not instead of the book?’” Lindelof—who admits to enjoying recaps of shows he *didn’t* create—

“I FELT LIKE I WAS PAINTING A MURAL, AND HALFWAY THROUGH, SOMEONE WROTE SOME DUMB-ASS GRAFFITI IN THE CORNER,” RECALLS DAVID SIMON OF AN EARLY REACTION TO TREME.

believes their appeal lies in the validation of our theories as invested viewers. Other showrunners have a harder time conceding authority.

David Simon, the creator of HBO’s *The Wire* and the recent six-part miniseries *Show Me a Hero*, has been outspoken in his frustrations with rampant mid-season speculation. “I felt like I was painting a mural, and halfway through, someone wrote some dumb-ass graffiti in the corner,” he recalls of an early reaction to *Treme*, his post-Katrina drama set in New Orleans, which ran for four seasons on HBO. For Simon, small-screen storytelling, like novel writing, relies on the interconnectivity of a narrative’s beginning, middle, and end, and execution requires the trust and patience of your audience. “In the book world, you don’t turn in four chapters and then have them say, ‘Let’s put them out, and if people like them, we’ll publish the other 15 chapters,’” he says. “But that’s the world of episodic television: You know where you’re going is not where people think you’re going based on just two hours, but it starts to affect your ability to get there.”

Simon isn’t the only one who bristles at unsolicited comments from the peanut

gallery. Matthew Weiner had a playful yet pointed relationship with his dissectors throughout the 92-episode run of *Mad Men*. “Go fuck yourselves. Go get your own fucking show. Don’t write on the Internet what I’m allowed to fucking do,” he half-teased at a 2011 panel discussion in response to online dissatisfaction with his decision to use voiceover.

In 2012, *Sons of Anarchy* creator Kurt Sutter directed an expletive-filled tweet-shame at the AV Club, characterizing the popular site as “one of the biggest offenders of intrusive-cunt-blogging.” Even a guy like Hardwick, who makes a living indulging in hour-long postmortems, can appreciate the dilemma of too many voices saying too little. “There’s a word I keep using about this point in our culture: the *apocryphypse*,” he explains. “That’s people talking from a place of authority even though they have almost no information. If you just saw the *Mona Lisa*’s hand, you’d be like, ‘What the fuck is this?! It’s just a hand!’ But if you’re patient enough to take a step back . . .”

Of course, audiences shouldn’t be bound by producer-mandated guidelines for viewing. (The first rule of *The Astronaut Wives Club* is you do not talk about *The Astronaut Wives Club*.) But, honestly, we’re only hurting ourselves when we go too far down the recap rabbit hole, whether by rushing to judgment, parroting opinions, over-intellectualizing the unworthy—can’t *Bob’s Burgers*, *CSI: Cyber*, and *America’s Got Talent* stand on their own merits?—or filling all the remaining space in our once-open minds with reductive notions of a show’s excesses and deficiencies. “It’s very easy to get lost in the trees instead of appreciating the forest,” Greenwald says. “The problem with having a firm opinion 24 hours later is that it eliminates the most beautiful thing about art—which is ambiguity.” ■

Going Clear

THERE'S SOMETHING disheartening about dropping serious cash on a suit only to bury it in a closet. Now you've got a clear alternative. Prism, a new wardrobe made of thermo-welded glass, lets you admire your sartorial arsenal. Tokyo-based designer Tokujin Yoshioka, known for creating see-through chairs, benches, and tables, flips the formula of the classic armoire, transforming it from "a storage space that hides items into a space that reveals them," he says. "The idea was to create an image of the clothing floating in the air." With a mirrored base and bevel-cut edges that reflect and refract light, the piece is a work of installation art that doesn't sacrifice function. Just don't forget to stock up on Windex. Armoire, \$12,971; bench (optional), \$1,082; suiiteny.com



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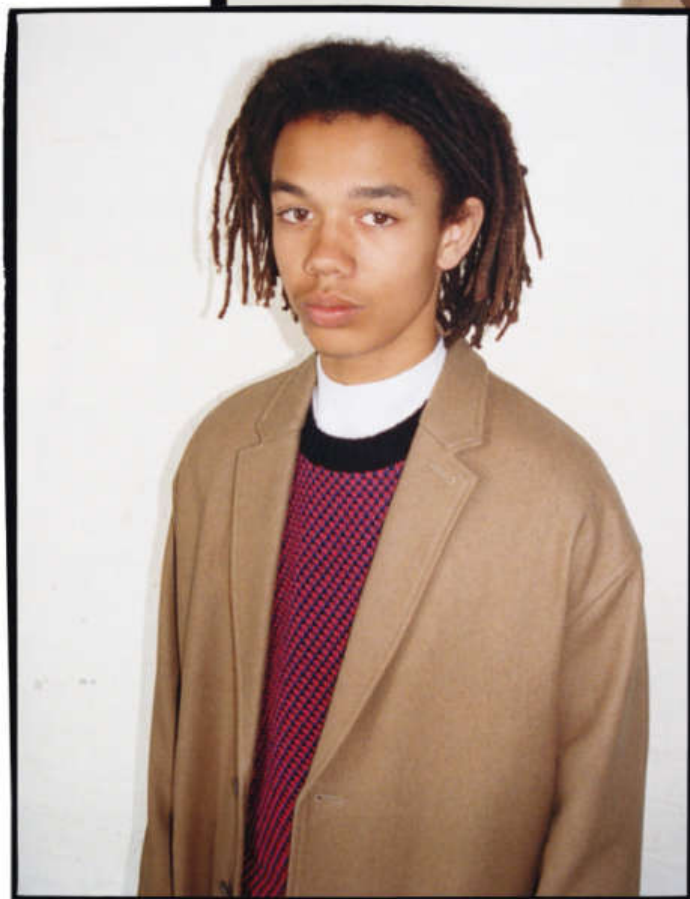
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THERE'S AN INSIDIOUS NEW FORM of embarrassment spreading across the nation. It's eating away at us, leaving even the finest male specimens a sliver of their former selves. Granted, it's not as bad as getting publicly flogged for shooting a lion, but a surprisingly large number of us are starting to experience the unique sting of shametarianism. And the time has come to stop the pain.

Surely you've experienced the sensation: You sit down with friends to tuck into something toothsome. You don't want the poached-arctic-char-and-chia-pudding special. No, you're thinking about a burger or barbecued ribs, maybe even a beer. But then, one by one, your friends start ordering. Suddenly, the waiter is scribbling multiple requests for quinoa salad. Gazing longingly at a steaming vat of hollandaise sauce on the next table, you recant and redact, and voilà—you've got char. Congrats, you've officially been shamed skinny.

Now, here's the problem with this unappetizing scenario: You didn't cave because you're concerned about your health. You don't need to eat defensively. You've already filled this week's gym-visit quota. You know the rules of the paleo, gluten-free, and farm-to-table lifestyle. You don't have anything remotely resembling an eating disorder. Food has always been your friend.

But today, well, today you're picking fish bones from your teeth for one simple reason: Like so many men out there, you've succumbed to the tyranny of shametarianism, which means you can't stomach being embarrassed about something you ate. And so you reach for the low-cal option. Not because you need it, but because it's better to starve yourself than to face a gastronomic guilt trip. Forget lactose intolerance. It's the intolerance of others that's making you the thin man.

To be fair, public shame has long been the secret sauce in many a diet.

BETTER EATING THROUGH EMBARRASSMENT

Do you guilt yourself into healthier choices when your dining companions are being good? Pass the kale—you might be a shametarian.



According to Lesya Lysyj, the former president of Weight Watchers North America, "We called shame 'the last acceptable form of bigotry.' You couldn't talk about it, but it was always a factor." Today, however, shame—served with a massive helping of social media—has become a worrisome toxic stew. In a hyperconnected age in which every moment is obsessively documented, a selfie with a carrot stick is a humblebrag in disguise, and the briefest binge can bubble into a chorus of cutting comments on Instagram, a single ill-advised order can undo an entire lifetime of moderation.

"I've been designing menus for health-conscious people and vegetarians for years," says chef Scott Conant, a frequent judge on *Chopped*. "But these days, I find myself thinking about menus for people who worry that everything they order will be dissected by other people on Twitter. It's not good."

The comforting news is that, like a bad oyster or a gristly piece of steak, those shametarian tendencies can be shipped back to where they belong: beneath the surface. "It might be obvious, but shame, or any underlying emotional issue, isn't a reason to start working out," says Vickie Segar, a former marketing director at Equinox. "You know what really works? One-on-one with a trainer," adds Lysyj. "If shame is the thing that makes you thin, I doubt that it's sustainable."

So let's agree to stop swallowing shametarianism at the communal table and send this trend to where it can be chewed over properly—the psychiatrist's couch. Go ahead and have the bacon cheeseburger and save the shame for your shrink. Or just get the steamed carrots and skirt the shame altogether. After all, you can never be too thin. But you can always be less embarrassed. ■



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MY FAVORITE ... PLACES TO EAT

—Daniel Humm, chef

In fine-dining circles, Daniel Humm is best known as the chef and co-owner of New York City's Eleven Madison Park—the fifth-best restaurant in the world, according to the annual San Pellegrino list—but the 38-year-old also thrills diners at the NoMad, the more populist (but no less popular) spot he opened in 2012. *The NoMad Cookbook* (Ten Speed Press; \$100) is more coffee-table tome than kitchen-counter manual, though it's packed with 100-plus recipes, including five for roast chicken, for which the restaurant is famous. And it's actually two books in one: *The NoMad Cocktail Book* is hidden inside, like a gun in a Bible. We asked the Swiss-born Humm about the meals that have inspired him en route to becoming one of the world's most celebrated chefs.

Sliced Sturgeon at Russ & Daughters

NEW YORK CITY

"I'm so inspired by different cultures bringing their traditions to New York. There's something luxurious about the sturgeon here; it has a wonderful aroma of the sea and smoke. With a little cream cheese, some fresh-baked pumpkin, and red onion—it's a wonderful example of simplicity in food."

Goat at Ferme-Auberge Le Castelas

SIVERGUES, FRANCE

"I've been coming to Provence for 25 years. People show up at this working goat farm, and there's no choice: They serve red wine, cured hams that are made on the property, grilled peppers, fresh bread, and roast goat or pig cooked in a wood-burning oven."



Tortino di Carciofi at Trattoria Sostanza

FLORENCE, ITALY

"They make a frittata where they take the hot pan and cook the artichokes in the middle. Then they pour eggs in, and they fold them around the artichoke like a rose. The restaurant has an old-world feel that evokes a much earlier time. You can see the guys in the kitchen who have been cooking there forever. There are great restaurants all over, but I want to feel the soul and history of the place. That's what we try to do at Eleven Madison Park and the NoMad."



Gargouillou Salad at Le Suquet Bras

LAGUIOLE, FRANCE

"Chef Michel Bras has a salad with 40 or more vegetables and herbs, and it's unbelievable. Before, I thought luxury was lobster or caviar. But after that meal, I'm like, 'Luxury—a carrot can be luxury.'"

Omakase at Sushi Sawada

TOKYO

"Every chef loves Japan, and I'm no exception. It's inspiring the way they treat ingredients and the attention to detail. I recall five pieces of tuna, arranged from lean to incredibly fatty—absolutely perfect, fresh bites. After you eat sushi there, it will ruin it for you anywhere else."

MOM'S ROAST CHICKEN SCHINZNACH-BAD, SWITZERLAND

"The chicken we serve at the NoMad [right] is based on a recipe from my mom—although she didn't use foie gras in the stuffing. I really wanted to do this dish, but I needed a special oven to give the chicken perfectly browned skin and a terroir of the hearth. Everyone was freaking out because the oven was so heavy and it took seats away from the restaurant. But no matter how many times you have that roast chicken, it's like, 'Okay, this is fucking good.'"





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THE BATTLE FOR THE \$200,000 SUV HAS BEGUN



IF YOU TICK EVERY UPGRADE ON THE OPTIONS SHEET, THE MORE COSTLY SUVs—THOSE PRICED ABOVE even Cadillac Escalades and Toyota Land Cruisers, like Porsche Cayennes, Mercedes-Benz GLs, and supercharged Range Rovers—can blow past \$100,000 easily. Yet even these lofty sticker prices don't touch the tab for true high-end luxury automobiles—something Bentley looks to rectify with the debut of its first-ever SUV, the Bentayga. The 600-horsepower vehicle starts at \$229,100 and offers the same pampered, private-club-on-wheels experience—an expanse of high-quality leather, wood trim, and polished-aluminum details—as found in the British company's flagship Mulsanne sedan. It's the opening salvo in a coming onslaught of opulent (and still off-road-capable) utility vehicles: Alfa Romeo, Aston Martin, Jaguar, and Maserati all have their first SUVs in development. Even Rolls-Royce is working on an all-terrain vehicle. And why not? These brands already have customers driving their sports cars on weekends, and “that customer now wants the same kind of product that he can drive every day,” says Sam Smith, editor-at-large of *Road & Track*. Meaning, no need for a MY OTHER CAR IS A FERRARI bumper sticker on your boring family-hauler. Instead, try THIS SUV IS A BENTLEY. —Josh Condon

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF MANUFACTURER.



THE BAD BOYS OF BRIT-ROCK

The Libertines' Pete Doherty has survived heroin, the British press, prison, and Kate Moss. But as he and the band reunite, the big question is: Can he survive a comeback?

IN LATE JULY, THE MOST EXCITING BRITISH ROCK band of the 21st century took the stage at the Low Festival in Benidorm, Spain. More than a decade after their meteoric rise ended in flames, the Libertines were back—and if not better than ever, at least they were alive. During their old bittersweet anthem “Time for Heroes,” Pete Doherty, the band’s prodigal cofrontman, experienced an epiphany. “The song was written in a stupor, recorded in a stupor, and performed in a stupor,” says the 36-year-old, whose romance with heroin and crack was once as ex-

haustively cataloged as his romance with Kate Moss. “I’d never really sung that song sober. It hit me like a freight train.”

Drinking gin-and-champagne cocktails in a suite at London’s imposing St Pancras hotel, Doherty and fellow Libertines singer-guitarist Carl Barât, 37, strike a dissonant note of squalid glamour. Doherty, in particular, does not look well. His skin is pallid, his jaw is mysteriously swollen, and his hair appears to have been styled with plastic explosives. Still, since leaving the Hope Rehab Center in Sriracha, Thailand, in December, he claims he’s been drug-free for the first time in over a decade.

“However much I say I upheld my own principles and led a free life, I was still chained to the very formulaic, habitual cycle that any heavy drug user has,” Doherty says in his gentle, bruised voice. “You can live with it and love it, but there comes a point where your body says, ‘Fucking hell, man, I just can’t do this today.’” He sighs. “I got old, basically.”

Doherty’s relative sobriety has enabled the Libertines to make *Anthems for Doomed Youth*, their first album since 2004’s self-titled release and the bitter implosion that followed. Its charismatic, distinctly English songs were written and recorded in just a few weeks in Thailand,

several of them chronicling Barât and Doherty’s vexed relationship. “We can express it better in songs than in a text message,” Barât says.

The pair met in London in 1997, during the last gasps of Brit-pop. They dreamed up a band that embodied a tragicomic vision of England, which they called “the good ship Albion,” and cycled through several lineups before settling on bassist John Hassall and drummer Gary Powell.

If the Libertines’ distractingly catchy, dissonant punk rock made them Britain’s answer to the Strokes, then their hyperliterate outsider sensibility recalled the Kinks, the Smiths, and Pulp. Although they remained a cult concern in America, at home they were the most ardently

PHOTOGRAPH: ROGER SARGENT/
COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL MUSIC.





BY DORIAN LYNSEY

ARE ALIVE AND WELL*

celebrated band of their generation. Central to their appeal was the near-romantic chemistry between the two frontmen. "Carl was something to believe in," Doherty says. "Something other. An alternative." Barât acknowledges the compliment, raising his glass.

And then it all went to shit.

The Libertines claim that the dream began to unravel as soon as they released their fire-cracker debut album, 2002's *Up the Bracket*,

*AT LEAST AS OF PRESS TIME

and acquired a reputation for chaos, the kind of behavior that makes for salacious tabloid copy and early death. "It wasn't a good night unless something violent or spectacular happened," Doherty says. "There wasn't that tender romantic side, because we'd gone full-throttle. We fell into this doomed, self-fulfilling prophecy."

Soon, the increasingly unreliable Doherty was suspended from the band. Feeling betrayed, he formed his own group, Babyshambles, was jailed for burglarizing Barât's apartment, and bounced in and out of rehab. The pair patched things up long enough to record their eponymous second album before combusting again in December 2004. The split was major news in Britain. Barât was no choirboy—smack and crack were off the table; booze and blow were not—but he was discreet. Doherty, meanwhile, became a celebrity junkie whose notoriety was turbocharged by his two-year relationship with Moss and his friendship with the similarly self-destructive Amy Winehouse. Doherty degenerated from elegantly wasted rock-and-roll poet, swanning around

London and modeling for Hedi Slimane, into a frequently incarcerated train wreck of squandered talent, who offered crack to journalists and used syringes for darts. "I was always quite a delicate person," he insists now.

Over the next few years, both Doherty and Barât kept busy with solo albums and new bands, and—against all odds—Doherty refused to die. Ultimately, so too did their friendship. This new reunion, which began last summer in front of 60,000 fans in London's Hyde Park, is one they hope will endure. The Libertines, however, take nothing for granted. "We've both been ravaged for the best part of a decade by what we've been through and how we've been torn apart and what we've done since," Barât says. And, as the title of *Anthems for Doomed Youth* suggests, they have a fatalistic streak.

"It's all doomed," says Barât, pointing at the vase of flowers in front of him. "Look at these orchids, man. They've got it coming. There's a romance in that." ■

From left, Gary Powell, Pete Doherty, Carl Barât, and John Hassall.





MUSIC
THE CURIOUS EVOLUTION OF JOANNA NEWSOM

To the dismay of those who imagine Joanna Newsom as some sort of mystical wood nymph, the pixieish avant-folk singer seems to be emerging into the real world; in

the five years since her release of the three-disc *Have One on Me*, she has narrated *Inherent Vice*, appeared on *Portlandia*, and married Andy Samberg. Not to

worry. Her new album, *Divers*, feels majestic without being epic (it's too intimate for that) and teems with her signature knotty wordplay, intricate melodies, and

skillful harp shredding—which should comfort fans who picture her sleeping on a mattress of phoenix feathers and bathing in unicorn tears. *Out October 23.*

FILM

THE LOVE-IS-LOVE STORY OF THE YEAR

In the fight for social equality, the most affecting films prove that the “gay agenda” and the human agenda are one and the same, a good thing to remember if you hear *Freeheld* snoozily mischaracterized as a “drama about pension benefits.” Based on an Oscar-winning documentary short and adapted by *Philadelphia* screenwriter Ron Nyswaner, it tells the story of cancer-stricken police detective Laurel Hester (Julianne Moore, making her case for an Oscar repeat), whose domestic partner (Ellen Page) is denied financial support by Ocean County, New Jersey. Want a timely, issue-based film? Or just an arresting #lovewins story? Consider *Freeheld* a double feature. *In theaters October 2.*

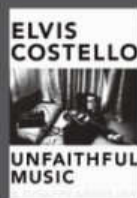


T H E Y E S L I S T

MEMOIRS

TWO ROCK ROYALS TURN THE PAGE

Elvis Costello and Patti Smith project very different public images—sharp-tongued, buttoned-up wit vs. romantic, shaggy-haired



shaman—but these hyperliterate legends have written similarly engaging memoirs. *Unfaithful Music & Disappearing Ink* (Blue Rider Press, \$30; out October 13) is Costello's first, a 688-page comic confessional that shares plenty of gossip (mostly about himself) but focuses primarily on his music. *M Train* (Knopf, \$25;

out October 6), Smith's poetic and unconventional follow-up to her National Book Award-winning *Just Kids*, on the other hand, is more wide-ranging, recounting her world travels and obsession with TV cops like *The Killing*'s Sarah Linden. So pick your poison: reminiscences from the guy who wrote “Watching the Detectives” or from the singer who might be doing exactly that.

THE CHARACTER ACTOR

BEN MENDELSON MAKES A NAME FOR HIMSELF



If Ben Mendelsohn's plaudits all sound backhanded, it's because the 46-year-old Australian might be too skilled at playing lowlifes (Pope Cody in *Animal Kingdom*), criminals (John Daggett in *The Dark Knight Rises*), and black sheep that no family cares to claim (Danny Rayburn in Netflix's *Bloodline*, for which he was Emmy-nominated). Currently filming the *Star Wars* spin-off *Rogue One* (he's rumored to be the Empire's evil Grand Moff Tarkin), Mendelsohn gets a shot at redemption—at last—alongside Ryan Reynolds in the Altmanesque road movie *Mississippi Grind* (in theaters September 25), playing a degenerate gambler overdue for a hot hand. It's a role that's less “You bastard!” and more “You poor, poor bastard.”

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE MOST CONVINCING CASE FOR FOREST DWELLING SINCE WALDEN

From Christ going into the wilderness to Chris McCandless going *Into the Wild*, the lure of living off the grid endures. In *Cabin Porn* (Little, Brown, \$30), Vimeo cofounder Zach Klein, writer Steven Leckart, and photographer Noah Kalina introduce us to the brave souls who, using bare hands and raw materials, have sunk stakes in the earth's less hospitable corners. And the book (based on the website of the same name) offers more than gorgeous photos; there are also chapters on building tree houses, making maple syrup, and living underground. For a work about forsaking civilization and creature comforts, it inspires quite a bit of FOMO. *Out September 29.*



PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ANNABEL MEHRAN/COURTESY OF PITCH PERFECT PR.; PHIL CARUSO/COURTESY OF LIONSGATE; GETTY IMAGES; COURTESY OF LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY; COURTESY OF PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE (2).



TO BOOT NEW YORK

NORDSTROM

Q & A

AT 52, JOHN STAMOS IS BACK ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW AND BACK ON TELEVISION. AS FOR FIGHTING THE LASTING LEGACY OF JESSE KATSOPOLIS, HE CRIED "UNCLE" A LONG TIME AGO.

INTERVIEW BY KYLE BUCHANAN • PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL SCHMELLING

Q: In your new series, *Grandfathered*, you play a middle-aged lady-killer. That doesn't seem like much of a stretch.

A: That's the fun of this character, deconstructing a guy the public thinks is me. Some of it is there, I'm not gonna lie. But you can get caught up in presenting something that people need to live vicariously through. Like Howard Stern and Jimmy Kimmel—they don't want to hear that I've only slept with one girl in the last year! They're like, "No, no, keep that quiet!"

Q: You began your career on the soap opera *General Hospital*. Is that when you learned to pick up women?

A: It's taken me a while to act my age, so when I was 18 or 19, I was like an innocent 13-year-old kid. I used to stay with [costar] Kin Shriner, and he'd have girls over all night, and I would wake them up by watching morning cartoons. But I remember he told me, "We gotta hang out at Chippen- dales, the male strip club. They do a show at nine, then the dancers all get the hell outta there, and all the women are still there slipping off their seats!" He had it timed, too: We'd walk in the door at 10:05, when the girls were like, "What do we do now?" [Laughs]

Q: Next year, you'll star in a *Full House* revival on Netflix. Didn't you want off that show at one point?

A: I fought it for years. I was wrong, but I always thought if I were doing a sitcom, that it should be something smarter, more like *Seinfeld*. I'm happy to lean into it now. There used to be such a stigma

against going backward. But who fucking cares? It's not hurting my career. I got to a point where I thought those yogurt commercials were, but it doesn't matter. Nobody can put themselves up on a pedestal anymore.

Q: You've always seemed willing to poke fun at yourself.

A: I was never snooty about it. Remember *The Andy Milonakis Show* on MTV? I told him I'd do a guest spot, so he's like, "You're going to be up in a tree, and I'm going to call the fire department and say, 'My John Stamos is stuck in a tree.'" I was like, "All right, which tree?"

Q: Is it true that Ryan Murphy tried to cast you as a prostitute after *Full House*?

A: He wanted to do three male hookers, like *Charlie's Angels*, who'd go in and save relationships by having sex with the husband and the wife. Maybe I was too afraid then. Ryan also wrote *Nip/Tuck* for me, but the person with whom I was in a relationship at the time read the script and said, "That's demeaning toward women." I'm not with her anymore.

Q: As a guy who admits to struggling with maturity, are you acting your age these days?

A: I'm trying. I swear to God I'm trying. It's not as much fun, but you have to be responsible. It's about discipline, which I lost for a while. Part of being undisciplined for the past five or six years is that I didn't work as much as it looked like. I had some high-profile jobs, like a Super Bowl commercial or a few episodes of *Glee*, but there

was a lot of downtime, and that can be, obviously, dangerous.

Q: You completed a monthlong rehab program in July.

A: You know, I've had a rough year with my mom dying, so it all came to a head, and it was a turning point. You either continue on that path—and some of it's fun, but a lot of it's not—or there's this other thing, this golden opportunity sitting there with all this work and all this goodwill that you have going for you. That's the key. I feel better than I've felt in a decade.

Q: At this point in your career, are you resigned to the fact that, no matter what you do, you'll always be Jesse Katsopolis, America's favorite TV uncle?

A: You want the honest answer? Recently I did *The Best Man* on Broadway—as hard as anything I've ever done, with some of the greatest living actors: James Earl Jones and Angela Lansbury. I'd come off stage, and people would still ask me about *Full House*. But I knew in my heart that I'd just been on stage with James Earl Jones for three hours, so they could twin-talk me all they wanted.

Q: Okay, then, let's twin-talk. The Olsen twins were reportedly surprised by the announcement of *Fuller House*.

A: Everybody knew about it; everybody was asked. I made sure it became a favored-nations thing, so we all make the same amount. Obviously, the twins have a different thing. We're doing 13 episodes, so if they want to change their minds, we'd love to have them . . . but we only need one! ■

STYLING BY KYLE EDWARD BLACKMON. HAIR BY SASHA CUMMINS. MAKEUP BY ANN MASTERSON. SWEATER BY TOMAS MAIER. JEANS BY POLO RALPH LAUREN. BOOTS BY BOSS. JEWELRY, HIS OWN.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS GORMAN



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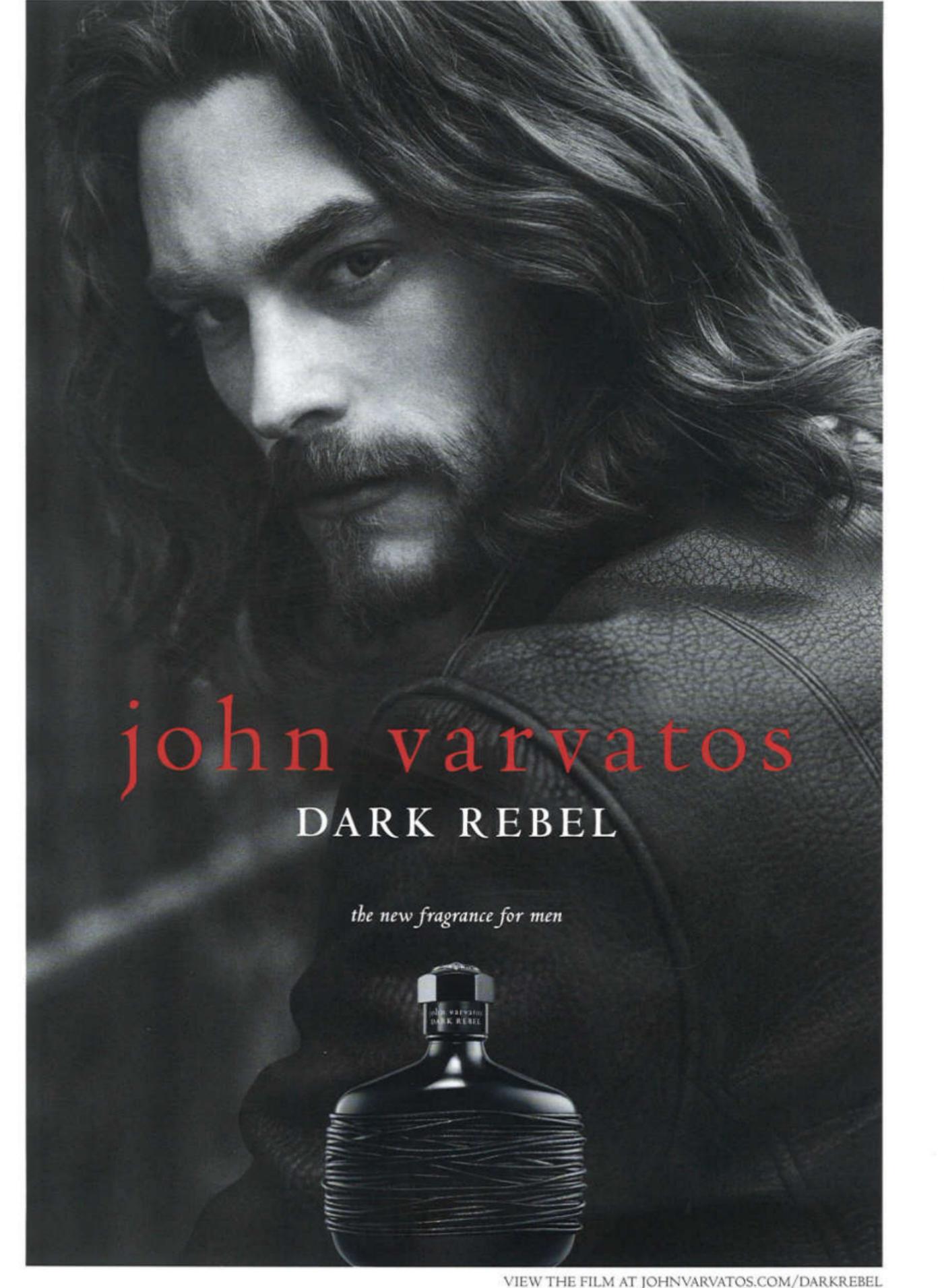
This device turns your computer's USB port into a headphone jack and converts digital audio files to CD-quality sound.

OBJECTS OF DESIRE

THE AUDIOPHILE

1. *Twilight's Lunar Rotation* compilation from Numero Group, \$45 for four LPs 2. AIAIAI TMA-2 headphones, from \$146 3. Muji wall-mounted CD player, \$149 4. Joy Division's *Unknown Pleasures*, \$14 5. *High Fidelity* by Nick Hornby, \$16 6. Vintage Rolling Stones T-shirt from What Goes Around Comes Around in New York City, \$200 7. Ultimate Ears UE 900S earbuds, \$399 8. Audioengine D3 24-bit digital-to-analog converter, \$149 9. LightSpeed 1G USB speaker cable, \$99 10. Fern & Roby integrated amplifier, \$2,350 11. Symbol Tabletop HiFi speaker, \$2,195 12. Halfpenny Books and More 45-RPM-record adapters, \$8 for 25 13. Numero Group's *Eccentric Soul: Omnibus* collection, \$75 for MP3 download 14. Sumiko Audio Pro-Ject 6PerspX turntable, \$1,799

PROP STYLING BY LEIGH GILL.



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Not Your Ordinary Navy Blazer

Dries Van Noten is a master of the menswear mash-up. He combines disparate elements to create unexpected variations of wardrobe staples that somehow make total sense. Take this jacket from the fall 2015 collection, a navy blazer that's been fully Van Noten-ized. The cotton-and-wool-blend fabric has brown and black awning stripes and is quilted for added texture. It's finished off with thick grosgrain ribboning, and the result is both subtle and bold (still, tone down the rest of your look with solids, so nothing's competing). Think of it as a statement piece that doesn't need to announce its presence.

[Dries Van Noten](#) (\$1,230)



The 5 Sweater Styles to Wear This Fall

The classic crewneck? It's not going anywhere. But this season, you've got more ways to stay warm—from zip-ups to short-sleeves to mocknecks (yes, that's right, mocknecks).



1

Sweater (\$1,925) by **Brioni**. T-shirt (\$65) by **Sunspel**. Jeans (\$190) by **BLK DNM**.

2

Sweater (\$785) by **Margaret Howell**. Shirt (\$245) by **Hamilton**. Pants (\$860) by **Dior Homme**.

3

Blazer (\$2,375), sweater (\$935), and pants (\$715) by **Balenciaga**.

2

4

Jacket (\$820) by **Carven**. Sweater (\$425) by **Tomorrowland**. Pants (\$890) by **Bottega Veneta**.

5

Sweater (\$890) and polo (\$1,020) by **Prada**. Jeans (\$250) by **Acne Studios**.

STYLING BY JUSTIN BERKOWITZ. GROOMING BY INGEBOURG USING DIOR HOMME COSMETICS. CASTING BY EDWARD KIM AT THE EDIT DESK.



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DETAILS
EXCLUSIVE

Leader of the Pack

Want this special, limited-edition bag from Coach that's available only to *Details* readers? Don't think about that question for too long: There are just 50 of them.

WHEN IT COMES TO UTILITY, NOTHING BEATS backpacks, and with so many designers revamping the schoolroom staple, they finally look great, too. In a special collaboration with *Details*, Coach ups the luxe factor on this one by adding a cinched closure with a clip to secure your stuff without excess hardware. Calf leather and suede provide texture in a subdued palette of black, olive, and brown, while baseball-stitch-like accents nod to the brand's heritage (some of the first Coach bags were made from the same tan glove leather as baseball mitts). "Stiff briefcases don't feel as relevant today," says Stuart Vevers, Coach's executive creative director. "This bag feels interesting and new for a guy who's comfortable with his individual style." \$695; Shop.Details.com/Coach
—Jon Roth

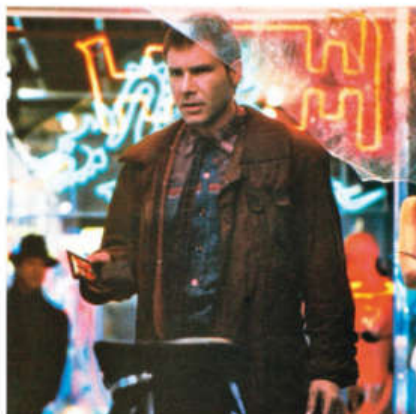
Jacket (\$600) by
Stone Island. T-shirt
(\$98) by **Outlier**.
Jeans (\$280) by **Acne
Studios**. Sneakers
(\$57) by **Adidas**.

STYLING BY JUSTIN BERKOWITZ. GROOMING BY INGEBORG USING DIOR HOMME COSMETICS.
CASTING BY EDWARD KIM AT THE EDIT DESK.

Axe White Label
BODY WASH



FOR A FRESH, INVIGORATING CLEAN



How to Pull Off: THE URBAN NOMAD

WHEN RIDLEY SCOTT RELEASED *Blade Runner* in 1982, he imagined an inhospitable future. Neon-tinted cityscapes! Valleys of glass and steam! Sounds like hell? Sounds like . . . 2015. Which it is, almost: *Blade Runner* takes place four years from now. While none of us are bounty-hunting rogue androids on the streets of Los Angeles like the film's protagonist, Rick Deckard (played by Harrison Ford, above), the rest of what Scott envisioned is ahead of schedule. Take Deckard's uniform: perfectly postapocalyptic in its versatility and a forerunner to the exaggerated multipurpose layering that's becoming popular in cities today. And with good reason—it's crucial for fall and winter. The right mix provides functionality and form, and though it's not born out of end-times necessity, it will help you survive the chaos of a rush-hour commute in a modern metropolis (we call it Urban Nomad for a reason). Dressing for dystopia is no longer a far-off fantasy. Here, three ways to incorporate it into your reality.

► MIX TECHNICAL WITH TAILORED

Doubling up on outerwear is a smart way to add a sportswear hit to an office-ready look. A technical shell is thin enough to wear under an overcoat, and it works as a backup jacket if you want to shed the heavier stuff.





2

▲ PREPARE FOR THE ELEMENTS

With a mid-length fit and an extra-large hood, the fishtail parka has replaced the trench as your go-to for monsoonlike conditions. Wear it over flannel to keep out the cold, and experiment with your base layer—it doesn't have to be a T-shirt.

► PLAY WITH PROPORTION

When you want mobility but don't want to sacrifice warmth, turn up the volume. Pile on oversize pieces like this wool parka and loose-knit turtleneck. But keep your lower half slimmer with cashmere or wool cargoes; they're comfy and functional.



Public School



Bottega Veneta



Rag & Bone

1

Coat (\$10,450) by **Kiton**. Coat (\$5,100) by **Dior Homme**. Suit (\$4,150) by **Kilgour**. Sweater (\$220) by **Rag & Bone**. T-shirt (\$48) by **Vince**. Sneakers (\$545) by **Pierre Hardy**.

2

Coat (\$1,430) by **OAMC**. Shirt (\$320) by **Kolor**. Shirt (\$360) by **Public School**. T-shirt (\$68) by **Steven Alan**. Jeans (\$345) by **Simon Miller**. Boots (\$550) by **3.1 Phillip Lim**.

3

Coat (\$2,780) by **Dries Van Noten**. Sweater (\$495) by **3.1 Phillip Lim**. Shirt (\$650) by **Siki Im**. Pants (\$795) by **Brunello Cucinelli**. Shoes (\$420) by **Grenson**.



3

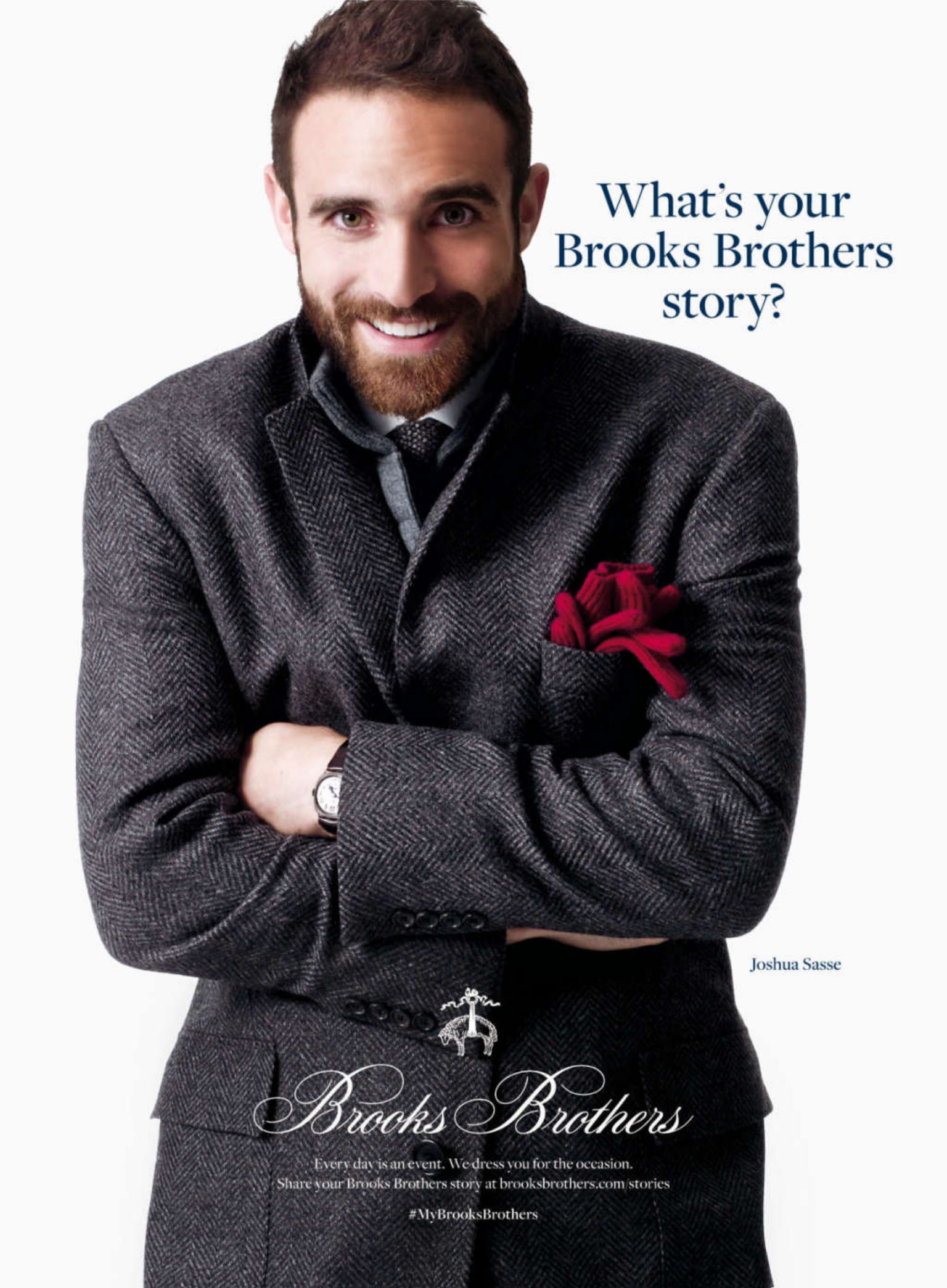
The Shape of Things to Come

Soles protect us from whatever filth lurks at street level, but they can be more than just functional. A wedged one, which slopes gently from heel to toe, introduces a pop of style in an unexpected place.



CLOCKWISE FROM
TOP LEFT: **Clarks**
(\$140). **Red Wing**
Heritage (\$260).
Carven (\$590).
Bottega Veneta
(\$950). **BOSS** (\$525).
Rag & Bone (\$425).
Bally (\$995).

STYLING BY SHANE KLEIN.



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story?

Joshua Sasse



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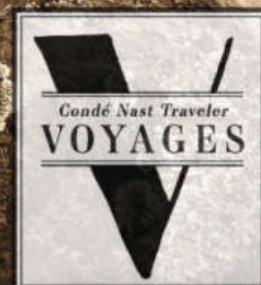


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Thom Browne Bets on Bespoke

You don't become one of the most influential designers in menswear without making a few unexpected moves. Browne's latest provocation? Custom suiting that's tailored, he says, so that people look past it: "You may not notice the clothes, but you'll notice the guy."

Thom Browne's new Midtown Manhattan studio-showroom is very Thom Browne—a two-floor space sensibly appointed in shades of gray and terrazzo flooring. On a recent tour of the atelier, Browne himself was uncharacteristically conversational. And for good reason: He had a lot to talk about. In addition to relocating his headquarters and seeing his partnership

with Brooks Brothers end ("I am very proud of Black Fleece as a collection and the impact it has made on the world of Brooks Brothers," he says), Browne had just announced a new venture. With his longtime tailor, Rocco Ciccarelli, he's launching a made-to-measure suit service. We sat down with the designer to talk about his big bespoke plans.



DETAILS: The new space looks great. And everyone is wearing head-to-toe Thom Browne.

BROWNE: I love the idea of uniforms and uniformity. It's not for everyone, but I love it. It shows a lot of confidence.

DETAILS: Confidence is exactly the vibe one gets from your collections, and it must be an important part of your new endeavor. Would you say you're bringing back classic American menswear?

BROWNE: I design in a way that I think speaks to everyone—although there's an American sensibility, in that there's a sports reference and a little bit of an ease to it.

DETAILS: The new line is bespoke.

BROWNE: Yes, it's clothing that is made for the customer. I will eventually have three silhouettes in the collection, including high-armhole jackets, which are based on a classic American sack suit, but also low-rise skinny trousers. So there's something for every guy. The fabrics are from English mills. They're not as drapey as Italian fabrics, which are great, but I like more structured fabrics.

DETAILS: Talk about Rocco.

BROWNE: He's one of the best tailors in the world. He's been in the States since the 1950s, and I've been working with him since I started. What makes him so good for me is that he's open to new ideas. Rocco has never fought me. Maybe he rolled his eyes in the beginning, because he's worked with every men's designer in New York. We've done so many collections together now. He's created a level of hand-tailoring that really doesn't exist much in the U.S. anymore.

DETAILS: Your collections are often quite provocative, with extreme proportions and unexpected pieces like shorts and skirts. This new business focuses on classic suiting, but it's still provocative in its own way, in its strict grayness and uniformity.

BROWNE: Yes, you may not notice the clothes, but you'll notice the guy. I don't always like seeing guys wearing fashion. I like seeing guys who just look really sharp, and you don't know why they look so good. Then you realize the suit is really well made, but it's the person you see first.

DETAILS: Does this mean you might stop being the provocateur of menswear one day?

BROWNE: I won't. It makes the classic part more interesting, and this new line will always be classic. It's for a lot more guys than a lot of guys may think—because maybe they see me wearing my clothes, and they assume that it's too "fashion."

DETAILS: Do you think your own look, the shorts and blazer, will ever change?

BROWNE: It will probably evolve as I get older and fatter. Maybe I'll have to adjust some things here and there—slightly longer shorts or something. But, essentially, it won't change. This is me. ■

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Three-Step Guide: The Steam Facial

WE'RE ABOUT TO HIT THAT TIME OF YEAR WHEN colder weather and dry indoor heat start compromising how your face feels. Common symptoms include flaking, a dull complexion, and a sudden urge to relocate somewhere equatorial. An at-home steam can at least help alleviate the first two conditions. "It's something people have been doing for hundreds of years," says Christopffre Kern, manager of The Spa at Miami Beach Edition. "It'll open up the pores and help to cleanse and sanitize the skin." Done right, it can also improve circulation, release toxins, and enhance the absorption of serums and oils. Here's a tutorial; if you like the results, try it every other week.

1

Get the Kettle On

Boil four cups of water, then pour into a non-plastic bowl. Add an herbal mix like the Winter blend from Fig+Yarrow (\$22; figandarrow.com), which has eucalyptus and juniper to help clear out sinuses and ease inflammation. Or try C.O. Bigelow's essential oils (prices vary; bigelowchemists.com)—a few drops of neroli acts as a mild astringent for oily skin, while sandalwood is a solid moisturizer for drier types.

2

Full Steam Ahead

Let the water cool for about 10 minutes. In the meantime, wash with an exfoliating cleanser like Harry's new Daily Face Wash (\$7; harrys.com): It's got volcanic minerals gritty enough to take off a layer of dead cells so the steam can work its magic. When the water's ready, cover your head with a towel and lean over the bowl, staying about 12 inches from the surface for five minutes. Don't get too close or linger too long.

3

Reap the Benefits

Come up for air and pat skin dry with a fresh towel. By now, your pores are open, so products with antioxidants and peptides that make your skin healthier will work even better. La Mer's new Renewal Oil (\$240; creme delamer.com) is good for a quick post-steam facial massage. Use it alone or mix it with your favorite moisturizer.



Towel from **TRNK NYC**.
Bowl from **Rove and Swig**.



If You Can't Take the Heat

Steam facials can have many benefits, but they're not for everyone. Dr. David Colbert, founder of the New York Dermatology Group, warns that high heat can lead to vasodilation (a.k.a. flushed skin) and recommends that people with severe dryness or rosacea be careful. "Gentle warmth to the skin is a better idea," he says. "It still opens pores and facilitates cleansing." For a good alternative, follow the steps above (cleanse before, moisturize after), but instead of steaming, soak a hand towel in warm water, wring it out, and wrap it around your face, barbershop-style, for a few minutes.

HOW DO YOU DO

TEES+
BLAZERS

BRINGING TOGETHER THE MOST STYLISH MEN ON THE NET—THE STYLE SYNDICATE IS YOUR ONE-STOP DESTINATION FOR EVERYTHING TRENDING IN MENSWEAR. HERE, FOUR CONTRIBUTORS TELL US HOW THEY'RE PAIRING THEIR FAVORITE TEES WITH BLAZERS WITH THIS FALL...

@TALUNZEITOUN ←

"I like to add a new dimension to what's expected from a casual blazer look with a long tee or tank underneath."

BLAZER: LIBERTINE, PANTS: CALVIN KLEIN, TSHIRT + BELT: ZARA, SUNGLASSES: SPY x RICHER POORER

@TRENDSTYLED ↓

"I'm not one to wear a lot of graphic tees, but I couldn't resist this one from one of my favorite brands."

BLAZER + POCKET SQUARE: J.CREW, TEE: MAISON MARTIN MARGIELA, JEANS: D&G

@JUSTINLIV →

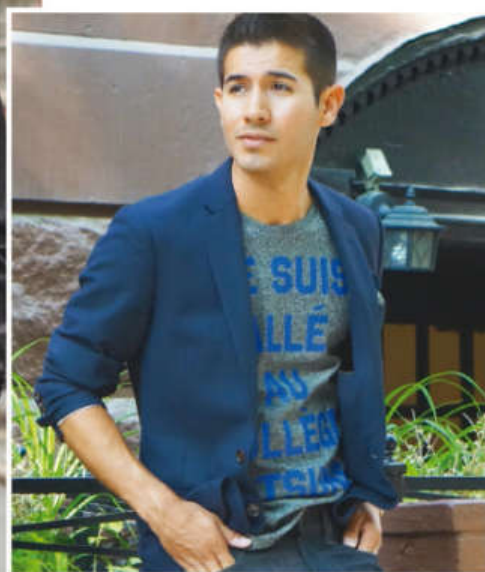
"I love feeling like a rock star. Something about a maroon-colored suit gives me hardcore Mick Jagger vibes."

BLAZER, PANTS + SUNGLASSES: EXPRESS, TSHIRT: ALTRU, SNEAKERS: CONVERSE

@ISAACLIKES_ →

"I'm tucking in nonstop at the moment. Here are my reasons: It makes your legs look 10 times longer; it makes your waist look smaller and your upper body look bigger; and Johnny Depp was always doing it when he was young, so it must be a good call."

BLAZER, PANTS + TSHIRT: JOHN VARVATOS

STYLE
SYNDICATE



↑ PAUL SMITH LIGHTS THE WAY

The British lighting company Anglepoise has been making task lamps for 80 years. Shortly after its launch in 2004, the Sir Kenneth Grange-designed Type 75 became a favorite among architects and designers for its simple elegance and range of motion. It's so beloved that Anglepoise has now twice teamed up with Sir Paul Smith to produce the Anglepoise + Paul Smith Type 75 Desk Lamp. The new version combines five matte-painted autumnal shades—cobalt, bottle green, amethyst, and azure blue, with a bolt of bright orange—because you don't collaborate with the maestro of color and use only four. \$240; anglepoise.com

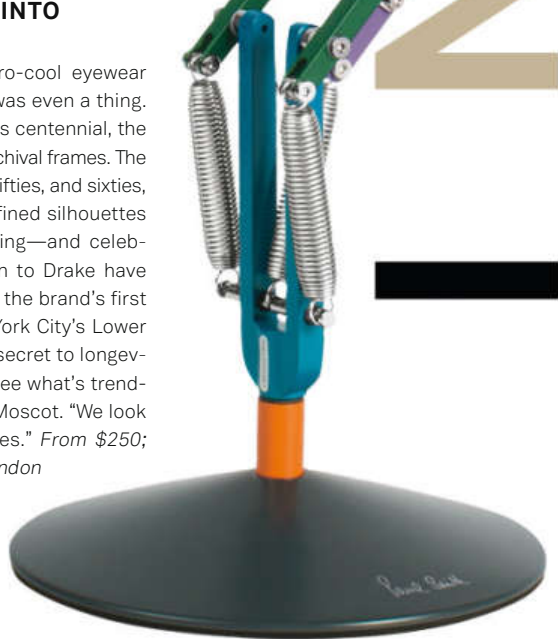
—Daniel Jameson



★ MOSCOT DIGS INTO THE ARCHIVES

Moscot was doing retro-cool eyewear long before retro cool was even a thing. And now, to celebrate its centennial, the brand is reissuing five archival frames. The styles, from the forties, fifties, and sixties, feature the bold but refined silhouettes Moscot's been perfecting—and celebrities from James Dean to Drake have been endorsing—since the brand's first store opened on New York City's Lower East Side in 1915. The secret to longevity? "We never look to see what's trending," says CEO Harvey Moscot. "We look for classic, iconic pieces." From \$250; moscot.com —Josh Condon

Above: The Moscot Aidim



★ FRAGRANCES WITH A SUBVERSIVE SIDE

Ex Nihilo's Vetiver Moloko, with notes of bergamot and vanilla, pays homage to the narcotic milk in *A Clockwork Orange*. But you don't have to have your eyes clamped open to see how successful the perfumer has become. In just under two years, it has expanded from its home base in Paris to outposts in Moscow, Berlin, and London; its first U.S. boutique opens in New York City's Bergdorf Goodman this month. The shop features Ex Nihilo's eight fragrances, plus "demi-bespoke" offerings, mixed on the premises with ingredients like Australian sandalwood and Rose de Mai—but, sorry, no dairy. From \$100; ex-nihilo-paris.com —Jon Roth

PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: COURTESY OF MANUFACTURER; COURTESY OF DESIGNER; BY BEN ALSOP; STYLING BY SHANE KLEIN; COURTESY OF DESIGNER (2).



★ THE JEAN JACKET GETS A REDESIGN

This season, designers are elevating denim outerwear, transforming it into something you'd wear less with a pair of work boots and more to match today's fashion-forward street style. Ami's denim field coat (above, left) is a modern alternative to the twill, military-inspired m65, while Tom Ford adds refinement and warmth with an insulated overshirt (right). Either way, it's time to move beyond the trucker jacket. —Antonina Jedrejczak

Above, from left: Ami. Tom Ford (\$2,690).

RELAXEDFIT
FROM **SKECHERS**

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RINGO STARR

**ROCK OUT
IN COMFORT**

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- SKECHERS MEMORY FOAM™
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**SANDALWOOD
FULL-SIZE KIT WITH
BLACK PURE SHAVING
BRUSH, \$120**

Seeking definition around facial hair or the smoothness of a full clean shave? The Art of Shaving Full-Size kit has you luxuriously covered from stubble to smooth. Grab the Pre-Shave Oil to prepare any scratchy surface for a knick-free clean up. Then, with the handcrafted Black Pure Shaving Brush, get a rich, more-is-more lather going for a close comfortable shave. And for the barber shop quality finish, use the After-Shave Balm to soothe and revitalize. A little work goes a long way because it's alright to admit you didn't wake up like this. Also available in Lavender, Ocean Kelp, Lemon and Unscented.

**BRAUN SERIES 7
BEARD TRIMMER, \$65**

The Series 7 Trimmer is an all-in-one answer for a head to toe grooming solution—from everyday stubble maintenance and beard grooming to hair clipping and primping. With its special click&lock functionality, the 12 setting adjustable comb stays firmly in place and lets you trim your hair to your desired length. In shower body grooming is quick and easy with this fully washable clipper.

**SPF 15 DAILY
MOISTURIZER, \$35**

Relax and invigorate every morning, and save a trip to the facialist, with the SPF 15 Daily Moisturizer. It combines energizing eucalyptus, calming blue chamomile, and broad spectrum UV protection for a treat your face will thank you for in a decade (or five).



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UP

WITH MICHAEL CHERNOW

CO-OWNER, THE MEATBALL SHOP
OWNER, SEAMORE'S

ROUTINE

Restaurant owner, burgeoning TV host, and all around food guy Michael Chernow is very clear about how he keeps his face looking sharp. "I'm a trimmer, not a shaver," he says in no uncertain terms after just landing in Austin, TX. He is there to shoot an episode of his upcoming show, *Food Porn* on FYI, but he says travel doesn't affect his straightforward grooming routine, which includes a beard trimmer and a product or two. "I keep it just long enough so you can see it but not long enough so that it looks like I'm actually trying to grow something," he admits. Chernow's subtle stubble is low maintenance and easy for travel, work, or time at home in Williamsburg with his wife, Donna, a model and pastry chef, and their infant son, Finnley. Though his wife, who he says is blessed with the best skin ever, may have him beat on effortlessness, "She only washes with warm water, which is, you know, crazy."

STYLE

A reformed sneaker junky, the 35-year-old has moved on to another perilous, if more mature, shopping compulsion: the boot. "Way too many boots, way, way too many. It's definitely a problem," he laughs. Though, his most recent purchase was a set of fitted t-shirts in the four colors on offer at one of his favorite stores, Odin. He sums up his style somewhere between a modern Urban Cowboy and the can't-go-wrong cool of Steve McQueen. For fall, his go-tos are understated, like worn-in jeans, a classic t-shirt, and a hoodie or cardigan. "When I'm at the restaurant you'll mistake me for a server," he confesses happily.

FOOD

With the success of his NYC Meatball Shops, now totaling six up and down the island, Chernow decided to change course in the last year and open up a fish spot, Seamore's in NoLita. The breezy Broome St. location was meant to recall the Long Island area where the Upper East Side native used to fish as a kid. "People want to eat healthy food in a cool environment," he says, and the fresh and charming eatery is already a hit. It is reasonable to say that with a new restaurant up and running and a forthcoming TV show based on people's love of posting pictures of food on social media (a #foodporn search on Instagram yields over 60 million hits), Chernow is the new face of what is happening in food today, though he would rather the focus be on the dishes. That is, as long as you snap a pic and share it.

PROMOTION



PHOTO: ALEX CRAWFORD OF ARTICLES OF STYLE

@MICHAELCHERNOW

1/ THE HAIR

"It's not that long right now. It was to here [*gestures past his shoulders*], and then I buzzed it two years ago because I lost a bet with my brother-in-law. I've done that a few times in my life and I've always regretted it. I'll see someone and think it looks pretty cool. And then I'll shave my head and I'll be like, 'Shit!'"

2/ THE JACKET

"The jacket is made by this New York-based brand called 1.61. We worked with them to create it as a uniform for the Byredo store in New York. It's modeled on an old Japanese work coat with a wax finish."

3/ THE COLOGNE

"I don't wear perfume. I'm always working on a new one, and I try to stay neutral for that. I never really wore fragrance. One day, maybe I'll make that perfect fragrance that I'll wear for the rest of my life."

4/ THE SUNGLASSES

"We designed these with Oliver Peoples for a collaboration [released in May]. It started as sunglasses, and then we created the perfume. The challenge was to create a perception of L.A. through these different colors, which became the different layers in the fragrance [with notes of juniper berries and California lemon]."

5/ THE WATCH

"This is a Patek Philippe. I looked for it for a long time, and if I'm not mistaken, it's 1977, the year I was born. I think they call this one Nautilus Jumbo. The newer one's a little bit thicker, but I like these old ones—they're quite slim and nice."

6/ THE TATTOOS

"Everything on my front is covered: chest, stomach, ribs, arms. I haven't done anything on my legs yet. I was probably around 16 when I started getting tattoos, and I didn't tell my parents about the first one, which was a cross. And then it just kind of escalated. I've been going to one girl since I went back to Sweden about 10 years ago, and she pretty much does what she wants."

7/ THE JEANS

"These are from my Swedish friends at Acne. I've been wearing Acne since they opened their first store in Sweden. I wear a pretty skinny cut, and these are white with some type of finish, but they're always dirty."

8/ THE BOOTS

"I got these in Paris about 10 years ago. I wear a size 13 shoe, and having big feet, I'm a little bit limited, especially with older stuff. Then I found this type of engineer boot, which is very sixties if I had to guess."



HOW I GOT MY LOOK

Perfumer Ben Gorham

Scandinavians are known for having a sleek, pared-down aesthetic, but the Byredo founder finds ways to liven up his style while staying true to his Swedish roots.

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DANIEL ARSHAM
ARTIST // CREATOR

The artist Daniel Arsham cleverly suggests a history of objects in his work and reimagines the everyday with a modern, unexpected wit. The craft of his pieces is rare and the effect compelling. In that same spirit, The Macallan uses the finest materials and most considered processes to create a truly exceptional single malt whiskey, as they have since 1824. For both, insistence on the best is always worth the time.



A typical day for the artist Daniel Arsham begins around 6:30 a.m., feeding his 2-year-old son Casper, perhaps the gym, then arriving early at his whitewashed studio in Greenpoint. The morning routine of an artist known for his dark and witty take on cultural ephemera and collaborations with friends like Pharrell and James Franco is not that much different from your model Brooklyn dad. That is, if he's not on a plane to Miami, China, or one of the new art hubs across the globe where patrons clamor for Arsham's sardonic sculptures of a Mickey Mouse phone out of eroded steel or a decaying Casio keyboard.

He's also most likely updating his Instagram which he sees as a way to

reach an audience outside the cloistered art world that doesn't otherwise go to galleries. "It's an amazing way to kind of broaden your audience and a more egalitarian way of presenting work," he says.

The 35 year old Miami-raised, New York-trained artist is arrestingly down to earth for someone of his renown and reputation and takes great care of the people and objects around him. His studio on a sunny summer morning is abuzz with jovial assistants prepping for the artist's upcoming trip to China and the atmosphere is lively with laughter and shared purpose. Among remnants of abandoned projects or ideas yet to be formed, Arsham has laid out some of the objects most important to him at the moment. "Because I don't carry so many

things with me, I like to have things that are very well designed and practical," he makes clear. As a sculptor he is understandably preoccupied with the standard of his materials and will go to great lengths to find the rarest, and sometimes strangest, stuff around. When he holds up a group of green Chinese crystals he has been working with recently, his eyes light up with possibilities. "When I'm trying to create a scenario in my sculptural work where the objects can kind of float in time, I'm doing so by viewing them with a material quality that speaks to that," he says scientifically. The quest for perfection is the artist's curse and Arsham can spend months or even years developing and often failing at getting a new material just right. Which is why he appreciates even more the simple, well-made things that are a part of his



day. And it is the daily, quotidian objects that Arsham repurposes so compellingly in his work, giving what you would otherwise not notice a new life. On why the everyday is a constant theme in his work, Arsham says, "I think any time that you can take something that people know or they have a familiarity with and shift that, it's an invitation for them to rethink their every day." That's an invitation from Arsham we'll always accept.



DANIEL'S ESSENTIALS:

LEICA CAMERA

The artist always has a camera on him and this limited edition Leica, reintroduced after 50 years, has a distinctive and rare finish.



NOTEBOOK

The notebook is a distillation of his thoughts and ideas, an ongoing record of the sourcing and building of new projects and a necessary companion in the studio or while traveling.



CRYSTALS

Obsessed by new materials, these naturally green Chinese crystals are his latest discovery that he plans to use for pieces in the coming year.



PENCIL

Found at a shop in Montreal, the exceptionally simple, ergonomic design and the softness of the lead on his notebook paper are a satisfying combination for notes, sketching and the fermenting of ideas.



TOTE

Made in collaboration with a designer friend at a french leather goods house, the tote bag is wrought in classic canvas and monogrammed, a signature for his growing enterprise of not just art but objects and accessories available in New York and globally through Snarkitecture, his design studio.



THE MACALLAN RARE CASK

The Macallan Rare Cask itself tells a rich story from the first sip in the same way Arsham's sculpture grabs the viewer. The history, make, and taste, are distinctive and only possible through rigorous and thoughtful technique.

SEE MORE OF THE STORY:
WWW.DETAILS.COM/RARECASK

THE PEERLESS
ACHIEVEMENT OF AN
UNCOMPROMISING
OBSESSION

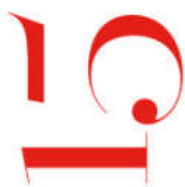
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For the past 15 years, they've forged the future in fashion, film, music, TV, technology, and more; men so synonymous with the 21st century that their names alone—from A-Rod and Apatow to Seacrest and Snowden—suggest seismic shifts in the culture and a generational changing of the guard. Herewith, our 30-page portfolio, starring four-time Oscar nominee Bradley Cooper, along with a who's who of other groundbreaking icons.

THE LEADING MEN



IT'S ALWAYS EASY TO SPOT THE OVER-achiever, the one who sits in the front row, asking questions, currying favor, and flaunting his preparation. In high school, he may have been shoved into a locker, but Actors Studio Drama School student Bradley Cooper landed somewhere else altogether: YouTube, for starters, where a video from 1999 time-capsules the floppy-haired 24-year-old quizzing Sean Penn on what he discovered playing Eddie in *Hurlyburly* for a second time. Penn's response is pat, but the young Cooper's focus is laserlike; it's almost enough to trigger your basest "administer wedgie" response. Here's a guy who actually believes this information may one day be applicable. Yeah. Good luck with that, fella.

These days, Cooper is the star who's revisiting characters—re-creating the early arc of his career. In August, he wrapped a 12-week London run of *The Elephant Man*, a play he first performed as his Actors Studio senior thesis. In July, he reprised his first film role in Netflix's eight-part prequel to the 2001 cult comedy *Wet Hot American Summer*, looking unnervingly fresh-faced next to his costars—the only counselor at Camp Firewood, it seems, who spent the ensuing 14 years in a state of cryopreservation. This fall marks the premiere of *Limitless*, a CBS series Cooper's producing and appearing in that's based on the 2011 thriller that banked \$162 million worldwide and solidified his reputation as a leading man. And later this month, he stars in *Burnt*, a drama about a bad-boy chef seeking redemption after snorting and drinking away his prospects. Sound familiar? The character uncannily echoes Cooper's first lead TV role, in the short-lived *Kitchen Confidential*. "It's so whacked, dude," says Cooper of this

unlikely bout of Hollywood déjà vu—a sentiment that lacks *True Detective*'s metaphysical eloquence but validates Rust Cohle's theory nonetheless: Time is a flat circle.

Cooper's do-overs aren't early-career nostalgia, nor are they victory laps. Truth is, the 40-year-old isn't much for charting courses. "I've never been a guy who has a five-year plan or even a two-year plan," he says. "It's not motivating for me to have a map. I have dreams, things you'd laugh at if I told you, but you would have laughed at my dreams in high school, and now they're being fulfilled."

In fact, the list of Cooper's professional bona fides has gotten so long—from the lead in *The Hangover*, the highest-grossing domestic R-rated comedy of all time, to a Tony nomination for *The Elephant Man* to back-to-back-to-back Oscar nods for his performances in David O. Russell's *Silver Linings Playbook* and *American Hustle* and Clint Eastwood's *American Sniper*—that it's easy to forget that his megastardom happened slowly, through sheer force of will. Remember *The Street*? (No one does.) *The Midnight Meat Train*? (Hint: It was not pornography.) Even the successes came with potential pitfalls. Take 2005's *Wedding Crashers*, in which Cooper played the blue-blooded Sack Lodge with such pitch-perfect aggro-Wasp élan that he could have been forever typecast as the Frat Pack's douche-in-residence. Instead, Cooper began navigating the industry as if it were a game of Space Invaders: Avoid the bombs at all costs and never walk a straight line for long.

"He's earned all his respect the hard way," says Russell, who directed Cooper for the third time in *Joy*, inspired by the life of Miracle Mop inventor Joy Mangano. "He's an underdog disguised as an overdog. That's the gradual unfolding of him as an actor."

Consider the Bradley Cooper of *American Sniper* fully unfurled. Based on the late Navy SEAL Chris Kyle's memoir, which Cooper optioned in 2012, the film became a political flash point and earned him a Best Picture

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATJA RAHLWES
IN LONDON'S KENSINGTON
NEIGHBORHOOD ON JULY 28, 2015.

Jacket and pants by **Bottega Veneta**. Sweatshirt by **Tomas Maier**. Henley by **Eidos**. Watch, his own.

Oscar nomination as a producer. *Sniper* cost less than \$60 million to make—a pittance by Hollywood standards—and with nary a superhero in sight, it raked in more than \$350 million in the U.S., making it the highest-grossing film of the year. And lest you think Cooper too precious or snooty for the Marvel-verse, remember that he also costarred in 2014's third-highest-grossing film, *Guardians of the Galaxy*, voicing a genetically modified space raccoon. (How's that for range?)

The movie industry has its Everymen—but Cooper isn't one of them. Rather, he's the man with something for every moviegoer, be it the flag-waver, the frat boy, the cineast, or the comic-book geek. The only common thread running through his most indelible characters—unhinged FBI agent Richie DiMaso, bipolar ballroom dancer Pat Solitano, grotesque medical curiosity John Merrick, frayed and ill-fated warrior Chris Kyle—is the commitment of an actor who believes that a career built on hard work is best maintained the same way.

"There's a horrible habit in this business of becoming successful and using that as an excuse to not put in the work anymore," says Jennifer Lawrence, who teams up with Cooper for a fourth time in *Joy*, due out Christmas Day. "Coop's the opposite. People expect something of him—and he brings more."

Of course, a guy who bucks as many Hollywood conventions as Cooper has can be forgiven for indulging in one industry cliché: What he *really* wants to do is direct. "I'm 40 years old. Clint Eastwood directed *Play Misty for Me* at 40," he says. "At some point, I gotta shit or get off the pot. Because it's fleeting, being in a place where you can create content on this level. While I'm here, I'm going to take advantage."

Even David O. Russell couldn't have written a more fitting mission statement for his leading man. Or could he? "Bradley has a line in *Joy* that goes, 'Let me tell you who I am and what I'm about, because I don't really think you understand where you are right now or who you're dealing with,'" Russell says. "That's a *great* line for him." —David Walters

15

THE SUPERSTAR **BRADLEY COOPER**

10

Four Oscar nods, a Tony nomination, and the highest-grossing U.S. film of 2014—but what he *really* wants to do is direct.





THE TASTEMAKER **RENÉ REDZEPI**

How the forager prince of Denmark's food scene made locavores of us all and changed fine dining forever.

WHO KILLED THE CRUMBER?

Once upon a time, our gilded temples of gourmet dining overflowed with brilliant white linen. Heavy as papal robes and crisp as a wind-snapped sail, the tablecloth was both symbol of haute gastronomy and neutral backdrop for its many splendors. And with the final clearing of plates came the solemn scooping of crumbs.

Then one day a young Danish chef arrived and swept aside all the silly conceits and outdated rituals. He and his band of happy foragers and cooks served carrots in pots of edible dirt and feathery shavings of smoked cod liver on platters of felted wool. There were slick langoustines (freshly plucked from the icy waters off the Faroe Islands) presented on craggy rocks set directly on the table—no cloth necessary. The Dane served a thousand dishes like this that blew the minds of globe-trotting gastro-nerds. And the gastro-nerd illuminati voted his Copenhagen restaurant, Noma, the very best in the world—after which the world, it is fair to say, went a little nuts.

How much impact can one 45-seat restaurant in a former culinary backwater have? Quite a lot, in this oversharing, chef-ascendant, let's-all-take-pictures-of-our-meals moment. And in the singular case of René Redzepi—ennobler of sea buckthorn, ager of “vintage” carrots, and eminently quotable and photogenic frontman for the New Nordic

movement—the power is wide-ranging, transformative, and real. The *New York Times* dubbed him the “Prince of Denmark” (this in a country with an actual prince). *Time* put him on the cover of its international editions—twice (once in a big woolly sweater, the other alongside Momofuku's David Chang and Brazil's Alex Atala with the sure-to-annoy-everyone headline THE GODS OF FOOD).

“René has enabled an international conversation about the vitally important idea of local food,” says Alice Waters, the chef-proprietor of Chez Panisse in Berkeley and a pioneer of California organic cuisine. “He's discovered that there are edible landscapes everywhere.”

Noma fell to No. 3 on this year's “World's 50 Best Restaurants” list, but for confirmed true believers, it hardly matters. What matters is simply this: Redzepi, 37, changed how we eat globally, not because he turned us on to the pleasures of previously unheralded Scandinavian ingredients but because he preaches the gospel of creating food that's not just local but also vital and personal. Redzepi's creations are gutsy and ethereal, beautiful and profoundly original. By proselytizing his principles through the Nordic Food Lab and the annual MAD Symposium, he's become a true industry disrupter. And he's done it with a minimum of pretension and a maximum of earnest ambition and good vibes, all while serving brainy food that makes you go, in the words of rapper-cum-food-show host Action Bronson, “Fuck, that's delicious.”

“One talks about ‘Nomanomics,’” says Jarl Frijs-Madsen, the consul general of Denmark in New York. “We've been known for decades as a country of design and sustainability, but food was not a part of our global brand. With Noma as the world's best restaurant, this

changed almost overnight. Noma has had a big impact on the Danish economy.” Noma alone is said to receive tens of thousands of reservation requests each month. When Redzepi & Co. moved operations to Tokyo for a month earlier this year, the pop-up had a waiting list of 60,000 souls eager to check clam-and-wild-kiwi tart off their culinary bucket lists.

“The stupidest thing you can ever do is think about legacy,” Redzepi says when pushed to describe the effect his 12 years at Noma has had on other chefs and restaurateurs. “In 50 years, unless you're Gandhi, nobody's gonna give a shit.” Still, he concedes, “We've shaken up preconceptions of where good food can come from. Of course, France still dwarfs Denmark in terms of general food culture, but we helped show chefs from nonestablished food cultures that success can happen.”

Building on the excitement of their Noma-in-Tokyo adventure, next year the entire Noma staff (plus their spouses and 11 of their children) will relocate to Sydney for a 10-week stint. After that, Redzepi has some big changes planned for the restaurant, which he's not quite ready to divulge. Suffice it to say, it'll keep him chasing his original hyper-locavore obsession—the driving force that's turned an informal little restaurant in a country known for open-face sandwiches into the most important dining room of the still-new century. “We can say that there's a big change coming to Noma,” Redzepi says. “We've had some success, but really we're just learning how to walk. In terms of working with the food and the food culture in this region, we're basically just tiny infants.” —Adam Sachs

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROGER DECKKER AT
NOMA IN COPENHAGEN
ON JUNE 11, 2015.**



Blazer by **Bottega Veneta**.
T-shirt by **Jil Sander**.

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY JASON
SCHMIDT AT ADJAYE'S SUGAR HILL
DEVELOPMENT IN NEW YORK CITY
ON JULY 16, 2015.**

ARCHITECTURE IS THE MOST DEMOCRATIC

art form—praised and pilloried by anyone within sight. It is also the most personal: Buildings not only contain our collective patrimony and individual possessions—to say nothing of ourselves—they embody our loftiest ideals (the perfection of the Parthenon, the inspiration for nearly every iconic federal building in our nation's capital) and, more recently, our worst fears (the toppling of the Twin Towers). Perhaps that's why we've come to care so deeply about something we once took for granted; why we admire how a museum in the Basque city of Bilbao can single-handedly transform an entire metropolis; and why we've adopted Ground Zero—a collection of office buildings, after all (albeit surrounding a site of national mourning)—as a symbol of hope and resurgence. “In great cities, the great buildings tell you things you don't know and remember things which you've forgotten,” Daniel Libeskind recently wrote on CNN.com. “Architecture is the biggest unwritten document of history.”

Until the arrival of David Adjaye, however, the profession itself had fallen far short of the democratic ideal, dominated since Ancient Greece by a cabal of grizzled white men handing down their vision from on high. What then to make of a Tanzania-born 49-year-old snagging some of the biggest commissions of the past decade—and prompting the *Wall Street Journal* to praise his “ability to speak to experiences and to people outside the norms of his profession”?

“David Adjaye is widely regarded for his fluid integration of Africa's visual culture and design traditions into the language of contemporary architecture,” says Caroline Baumann, director of the Cooper Hewitt, Smithsonian Design Museum in New York. “With projects under way on four continents, his unique vision and perspective are making an indelible impact on the global stage.”

If Adjaye isn't yet a household name, he soon will be. He is the driving force behind the Smithsonian's National Museum of African American History and Culture—the last major museum to be built on the Mall in Washington, D.C.—and the odds-on favorite to design Barack Obama's presidential center on Chicago's South Side. Until now, most of the best-known names in contemporary architecture—Foster, Gehry, Koolhaas, Meier, Nouvel, Piano—have been way past their pensions, and few built anything really big till after 60. And whereas those septua- and octogenarians have been around since the middle of the past century, slowly establishing an oeuvre, Adjaye exploded onto the scene, seemingly from nowhere. Or at least that's how it might appear from this side of the Atlantic.

In London, Adjaye has been a cult figure for almost two decades, having kicked off his career with a series of striking, profoundly unusual homes for Ewan McGregor, Chris Ofili, and other artistic types. Often cloaked in darkened timber or pitch-black paint, they were a kind of stealth architecture: forbidding on the outside, opulent on the inside. “These creative clients offered me the chance to experiment for people who understood what I was trying to do and supported it,” Adjaye says.

Even amid this starry milieu, Adjaye's eyes were on a bigger prize. As soon as his reputation was made, he took the profile and experience gained from building for the glitterati and used it to erect socially conscious works—arts outposts, community centers, and libraries expressed in a slick language of glass and steel—in some of London's most deprived quarters. From there it was a quick business-class flight to global recognition with a peace center for the Nobel Foundation in Oslo.

Born to a Ghanaian diplomat in Dar es Salaam and raised in Egypt, Ghana, Kenya, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, and Uganda before landing in London at age 14, Adjaye remains acutely conscious of his African heritage. “I'm the first architect of African descent who has managed to build a global reputation,” he said in 2012. When asked today why—with art, design, fashion, food, and music so obviously influenced by African culture—architecture has proved so resistant, he replies: “Snobbery. Ancient Greek architecture didn't emerge fully formed—it came from Africa.”

Now Adjaye is taking his vision back to his home continent with a museum of slavery in Ghana, a children's cancer-treatment center in Rwanda, and a luxury apartment-hotel tower in Johannesburg. Beyond Africa, he is building a silk-weaving facility in Varanasi, India; a residential community in Doha, Qatar; and a spiraling memorial to extinct species on England's fossil-rich southern coast.

Adjaye's highest-profile commission, however, remains the Museum of African American History, opening in 2016. Its great bronze crown can already be seen glinting in the sun behind the scaffolding, but the perforated metal will eventually darken in the Washington weather to a deep, rich brown—a poetic symbol when juxtaposed against the ubiquitous white marble of existing institutions. Adjaye describes its effect as both “traumatic and beautiful.” Perhaps that's what his own arrival represents for the world's most Eurocentric profession. —Edwin Heathcote

THE ARCHITECT **DAVID ADJAYE**

The Tanzania-born architect behind the National Museum of African American History and Culture is breaking new ground in more ways than one.





THE KISS NEEDED TO BE JUST RIGHT.

Like everything else the Belgian fashion designer Dries Van Noten creates in his Antwerp atelier, the kiss needed to be filtered through an exacting lens—considered and reconsidered until it felt just right. Not perfect, he'd say later, but imperfect in the best possible way.

Van Noten was getting ready to present his spring/summer 2016 men's collection, his take on "creative provocateurs" starring the likeness of Marilyn Monroe printed on shirts, suits, and silk robes, and he wanted the simple black-and-white invitation sealed with a kiss, a nod to the Hollywood bombshell and a hint of what was to come.

Printing red lips on the invite was out of the question. He didn't want it to feel manufactured. So the designer held a casting. That's right, a lip-model casting.

In his three decades in the business, Van Noten has seldom left things to chance and has shown little interest in compromising his vision with regard to everything from the fabrics he uses and the location and decor of his stores to, yes, even something as simple as a kiss.

This unwavering precision has served him well. It has also made him a defining voice during a time when men are embracing personal style like never before. There is an ease to his clothing—be it ethnic prints, a military coat, or the perfect summer scarf—that marries high fashion and comfort in a way that truly captures how men today want to be (and should be) dressing. It's not surprising, then, that after consistently producing one outstanding collection after another, Van Noten has emerged as a fan favorite for the fashion-savvy. He is, simply put, the tastemaker's tastemaker.

"I think the most important change that Dries has brought is the concept of 'new vin-



THE DESIGNER **DRIES VAN NOTEN**

The uncompromising Belgian's subtle brand of cool extends far beyond his own label to influence how we dress today.

tage,'" explains Tom Kalendarian, Barneys New York's chief menswear merchant. "It doesn't look thrift-shop, but there's a mood to it. It's very friendly. It's a familiar face."

The grandson of a tailor, Van Noten knew from an early age that he wanted a career in fashion, and despite his father's refusal to pay for design school, he enrolled in the prestigious Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp. In the mid-eighties, he traveled to London with his first menswear collection, which was picked up by Barneys.

Still boyish at 57, Van Noten—reserved, elegant, and cool in a subtle, nerdy kind of way—has come to embody the men's fashions he creates, which have found a loyal, if not die-hard, following around the world. And while he has built his privately held business into a global brand, he is something of an anomaly in today's fashion world. He's chosen to work and live in and around his native Antwerp rather than in one of Europe's fashion capitals—London, Milan, or Paris. He doesn't advertise. There are no billboards, glossy-magazine spreads, or celebrity endorsers. Despite his obvious love of pop culture, you'd be hard-pressed to find him at some gala sipping champagne with Kim and Kanye or walking a red carpet, a shimmering starlet on his arm.

"Dries certainly never bought into the celebrity culture," says the legendary fashion critic Suzy Menkes. "And since he did not sell out to one of the big brand groups [LVMH, Kering], he is not obliged to turn out—dare I say, churn out—10 collections a year. Nor to produce the hottest thing in man bags."

In a fashion world that is increasingly becoming a three-ring circus, with the design-

er as the omnipotent ringmaster ceaselessly drawing our attention here, there, and everywhere, there is a sort of quiet power in Van Noten's refusal to follow the formula. And by purposely holding himself back, he has only amplified his influence.

"I always just do what I want to do," he says. "I am a very lucky person in that way, because I am independent. This gives me, of course, a freedom. For me, it is important to have a healthy business, but to be honest, it's the last thing I think about. The whole creative process is much more important."

That process, which was showcased last year in an extensive exhibition of his work and inspirations at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, may start in the abstract with a photo of David Bowie or a painting by Picasso, but the end result has had a rather tangible impact on how we're dressing.

"There are certain fashion designers who are artists and who don't differ in any way from a famous painter or a sculptor or a photographer," Kalendarian says. "There's something to be said about how they transcend business trends and social trends. And Dries is one of those artists. His references are so rich, and therefore his execution is equally rich, but at the end you arrive at very simple, easy-to-wear clothes—clothes that have a lot of character, a lot of authenticity, and a lot of charm. I do think he's changed the way we look at dressing. And we're more romantic because of it." —Daniel Peres

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY PIERRE EVEN
IN PARIS ON JUNE 26, 2015.**



THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVELIST JONATHAN FRANZEN

▲ The controversial author of *The Corrections*, *Freedom*, and now *Purity* bottles the Zeitgeist and shines a searchlight into our collective soul.

JONATHAN FRANZEN SHOULDN'T EXIST. Not as a public figure, anyway. Not as a cultural colossus about whom nearly everyone—your Aunt Sandy in Toledo, President Obama, anybody with a Twitter account—has an opinion. Because in our 140-character world, the Franzen-style novelist—the white middle-aged author whose books are regarded as pop-culture touchstones, social kindling, 563-page inspection reports on our secret souls; whose writing conveys essential truths about who we are and where we're headed and demand to be reckoned with if we are to be truly dialed in to our wants, our anxieties, our collective spirit—should have gone the way of the fax-machine repairman.

But Franzen, 56, does exist, and the reason he exists is that his novels do all this and more. Take the second line of *The Corrections*, published on September 1, 2001: "You could feel it: something terrible was going to happen." No, not *that* terrible thing, 10 days later—but all the rest of the dread and malaise and black absurdity of the Bush years. Yes, Franzen, who was 42 when the book was released, soothsaid it all while telling the story of a midwestern mother trying to wrangle her adult children home for Christmas. As *Newsweek* put it: *The Corrections* "anticipates almost eerily the major concerns of the next seven years."

Then, in 2010, came *Freedom*, in which Franzen pulled and stretched that watchword of the aughts (Operation Iraqi *Freedom*, *freedom* fries, *Freedom* Tower) like saltwater taffy in order to expose its outer limits, to show—again, in a microcosmic portrait of a

dysfunctional Middle American family—how one person's liberty must always impinge on another's: how freedom, to crib from the bumper sticker, isn't free.

And now comes *Purity*, in which Franzen trades in the midwestern-clan model for a roomier, sleeker, and exquisitely turbocharged cast of characters—including a Julian Assange-ish German hacker whom Franzen uses as a kind of pry-bar to peer beneath the slab of our surveillance culture.

The nowness of Franzen's work doesn't derive from any calculated design, however. "Novel writing is slow work," he says. "You don't want to be chasing after the now for a book that won't appear for three or five years, because there'll be a different now then." The lodestars, for him, appear to be his own anxieties—in the case of *Purity*, his discomfort with the forever-expanding reach of electronic surveillance, the Internet-enabled surfeit of unbridled information. "The things that tend to be hot, for me, are very personal, and that intimacy is what gives them heat," he says. "It's good to capture a contemporary reality, but is that really the best we can hope for a novel?"

No. It's not. Franzen's books resonate because his characters resonate, because he populates them with messy-brained, ever-struggling, occasionally fucked-up, and always morally complex *people*. "I love that the word *novel* in many European languages is a version of the word for romance," Franzen says. "A novel really is a romance. I create these characters who I really, really love." Call it an unrequited love: He creeps into their psyches, into the dark crawl spaces of their minds, shining a light on their insecurities and apprehensions and delusions. Arguably, this psychic burglary is what gets him knocked for being a misanthrope and what upsets your Aunt Sandy because she just can't find anyone to *like* in his books.

If Franzen's novels can be polarizing, their

author is far more so. (The website Flavorwire once ran a feature titled "A Handy Guide to Why Jonathan Franzen Pisses You Off.") He pratfalled into the public consciousness with his graceless ambivalence about Oprah Winfrey selecting *The Corrections* for her book club. Her picks tended to be "schmaltzy, one-dimensional," he said, not part of the "high-art literary tradition" he worked in, thereby cloaking himself in an elitism that the public refuses to let him shed. (It does kind of fit.)

More recently, Franzen's disdain for social media has made him a favorite target of the Internet. ("Twitter is unspeakably irritating," he has said, to much irritation. "It's like if Kafka had decided to make a video semaphoreing *The Metamorphosis*.") However, all that hostility is just further proof of the unlikely influence Franzen exerts on the culture. "I sort of love that whenever Jonathan Franzen says something about the Internet, the whole Internet gets mad," says the writer Elizabeth Gilbert. "It feels like a healthy sign for our culture that the opinion of a literary novelist can still rouse so much fury and attention."

Franzen's fiction gets under our skin for a different reason: He knows what's there. "I'm not content with the 140-character-size experience," he says. "Keeping alive a set of human possibilities—that's what the novel represents to me. There's no other medium even imaginable that allows you to get inside someone else's head. The possibilities that come with that are limitless." —Jonathan Miles

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARI MARCOPOULOS
AT FRANZEN'S APARTMENT IN NEW YORK
CITY ON JUNE 2, 2015.



2.6.15

JUDD APATOW HAS MINED HIS OWN MISFIT misadventures to tackle high school, college, young adulthood, marriage, parenthood, and mortality. He's been called the Forrest Gump of the comedy world, accidentally present at the creation of some of the most memorable moments of the 21st century. But that's not quite right, as there's nothing happenstance about the screenwriter-producer-director-comedian-actor's success. He's been obsessing over the form since he was a kid, cold-calling comedians like John Candy and Jerry Seinfeld when he wasn't washing dishes at a local comedy club. The major through line in Apatow's work is an ability to find the heart and soul amid the bong smoke and dick jokes, the humanity at the core of the hilarity. Which is one reason that, while he's not the funniest guy in contemporary comedy, he's perhaps the most influential. "I come at everything as a fan," he says. "I think, Oh, that person's funny—I'd love to work with them. It's similar to when I was a little kid and I just wanted to meet somebody. But now it's not 'Can I meet them?' It's 'Can I collaborate with them?'"

Apatow, 47, has had a guiding hand in *Anchorman*, *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, *Knocked Up*, *Superbad*, *Pineapple Express*, *Step Brothers*, *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, *Funny People*, *Bridesmaids*, *This Is 40*, and *Trainwreck* as well as HBO's *Girls*. The list reads like a history of modern comedy. But for a while—at least until the success of *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* in 2005—Apatow was known for effusively praised, little-watched failures like 1992's *The Ben Stiller Show* (12 episodes before being canceled), 1999's *Freaks and Geeks* (12 episodes), and 2001's *Undeclared* (17 episodes). "I'm basi-

cally three years ahead of my time," he noted in 2002. "Just far enough ahead to fail every time out."

In fact, like most great comic minds, Apatow has impeccable timing—it just took a while for Hollywood to catch up. "When we were trying to promote *Freaks and Geeks*," he says, "we set up a website and asked NBC if they would put it at the bottom of all the ads. And they said no. I asked, 'Why?' And they said, 'Because we're competing with the Internet and we don't want anyone to know it exists.' That's how long ago the year 2000 was. At that point, NBC thought they could pretend there was no Internet."

Had he flamed out even five years ago, Apatow might have gone down in movie history as the godfather of the bromance, having ushered in a seemingly inexhaustible stream of comedies starring stunted man-boys (and a subsequent stream of newspaper editorials bemoaning the state of manhood). But when that trend ran its course—and after Apatow weathered accusations of misogyny and sexism for his allegedly sophomoric point of view—he switched gears and championed neo-feminist icons like Lena Dunham (*Girls*) and Amy Schumer (*Trainwreck*). "I don't know a bigger feminist than Judd," Schumer says. "Working with men, there's usually a moment where you're like, 'Eh, that was uncomfortable' or 'I wish he hadn't said that.' But that never, ever happens with Judd. I think he's just a pervert for jokes."

Apatow sought out Schumer after hearing her on Howard Stern's radio show. At the time, she was a successful stand-up comedian but not the cultural force she is today. "I was very open with him that I'd never written a screenplay, and he just didn't seem very

concerned with that," Schumer says. "He sees in people their potential. And him thinking I could write a screenplay was huge. It was like when you're younger and there's a teacher who's like, 'You're worth something.' You're like, 'Ooh, confidence!'"

Apatow's new collection of interviews with fellow comics, *Sick in the Head: Conversations About Life and Comedy*, can be found on the *New York Times*' best-seller list. He has two projects in the pipeline for Netflix—*Love*, a comedy series starring Paul Rust and Gillian Jacobs, and the movie *Pee-wee's Big Holiday*—and his mock-rockumentary *Conner4real*, with the Lonely Island guys (Andy Samberg, Akiva Schaffer, and Jorma Taccone), is due in theaters next June.

"I've written a lot and I've made a lot of things, so it's a deeper dive to decide what to do next," Apatow says. "So I keep my eyes open for people to collaborate with, and I try to be thinking and writing all the time. I wasn't good at this for a long time, and then once I had enough success to provide a safe place for other people, it seemed like a really fun thing to do. So many of us had to suffer to figure out how to do this. And when you don't have to suffer, you can do better work sooner. I love that Amy Schumer doesn't know how hard it is to make movies."

—David Swanson

Suit and shirt by **Calvin Klein**
Collection. Tie by **Brunello Cucinelli**.
Shoes by **John Lobb**. Socks by **Falke**.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBBIE FIMMANO
BACKSTAGE AT THE NIGHTLY SHOW
WITH LARRY WILMORE IN NEW YORK
CITY ON JULY 21, 2015.

THE FUNNYMAN JUDD APATOW

Don't laugh: This Long Island schlemiel has gone from Hollywood also-ran to the most powerful person in comedy.







15

THE TECH TITAN **EVAN SPIEGEL**

15

The bro king of Snapchat—and inventor of the disappearing dick pic—is the world’s youngest billionaire and the future of media.

DRAW A LINE FROM THE ADVENT OF AOL IN

the eighties through Google in the nineties and the unbridled social-media environment of the aughts, and the logical next step—the inevitable next step—is Snapchat, the evaporating-message app devised in 2011 by a group of Stanford fraternity brothers led by Evan Spiegel. If Google’s Sergey Brin and Larry Page arranged the Internet around search terms and Mark Zuckerberg and the Twitter trio flipped the script to organize it around users, Snapchat rewrote it entirely in disappearing ink—or, rather, electronic communiqués lasting up to 10 seconds—thwarting Big Brother and restoring some semblance of privacy. Whereas Facebook and Google turn the most intimate details of your life into a bull’s-eye for advertisers, Snapchat restores power to the people: Users love it because they can express themselves freely without leaving a permanent record.

And love it they do—in droves. In four short years, Snapchat has amassed 100 million daily users, achieving that milestone far faster than either Facebook or Twitter did. Sixty percent of smartphone-owning 13-to-34-year-olds are active on the service, ingesting some 3 billion videos a day. The app has been called the single greatest threat to Facebook; indeed,

in 2013 Spiegel reportedly turned down a \$3 billion all-cash offer from—you guessed it—Zuck himself at a time when Snapchat had only recently moved out of Spiegel’s dad’s house and had fewer than 10 employees. His rationale? “There are very few people in the world who get to build a business like this,” Spiegel has said. “I think trading that for some short-term gain isn’t very interesting.” (For the record, the company is now valued at around \$16 billion and employs 500 people.)

But to really appreciate why disappearing missives are such a big deal, consider what happened just a few years ago as Google’s and Facebook’s meticulous record-keeping collided with those little computers in all our pockets. Suddenly, every party foul was something to tweet, sexting was a thing, and so, too, was revenge porn, the reputational stain that can’t be Shouted out. “The early days of social media were about building a static identity,” Spiegel says between meetings at the company’s headquarters in Venice, California. “It turns out that doesn’t end up being a great reflection of who you are, because who you are is changing and growing, and how you express yourself changes and grows with you.”

Spiegel, 25, knows firsthand just how inconvenient past indiscretions can be. Last year, the Gawker blog Valleywag published a trove of his leaked college e-mails. With “jokes” about having peed on a girl and luau-themed sign-offs like “Fuckbitchesgetleid,” Spiegel came out looking to many like an entitled misogynist brat—or maybe just a typical college kid, depending on your point of view. His high-profile-CEO self was mortified, of course, and he made an abject public apology. None of it slowed his ascension: Earlier this year, *Forbes* proclaimed him the world’s youngest billionaire.

Even as his taste in fast cars (he drives a Ferrari) and enviable women (he’s dating supermodel Miranda Kerr) reinforces his image as a callow playboy, Spiegel’s singular vision is transcending personal communication to reshape entertainment as we know it. “The notion that something is available to view for only a limited time presents an urgency and immediacy that we no longer have in conventional media or anywhere else on the Internet,” says Michael Lynton, the CEO of Sony Pictures Entertainment and a Snapchat investor and board member. “It almost goes back to the old broadcast model, where you either see the content when the broadcaster wants you to see it or it goes away.”

Media brands, including CNN, ESPN, and Vice, have begun creating original content to run on Snapchat’s new Discover platform (it airs for 24 hours before disappearing). And advertisers, including Coca-Cola, McDonald’s, and Samsung, have produced custom ads—something Spiegel forced them to do by insisting on vertical videos rather than the standard horizontal, so that they fill the screen without your having to rotate the device. Marketers’ payoff for the extra effort? Viewers watch the videos to the end 800 percent more often, Snapchat says.

As billionaires are wont to do, Spiegel spent part of this past summer rolling his gangly, six-foot-one-inch frame from the Cannes Lions ad festival to the Sun Valley mogul festival, chatting up the heads of other multi-billion-dollar empires while wearing his trademark deep-V-neck T-shirt and aviators. He looked perfectly at home in this new fraternity, even as he threatens to upend its more established members. For just as those who dismiss millennials in the workplace might soon find themselves replaced by one, those who dismiss Spiegel’s creation as inconsequential, an ephemeral fad, might soon find their own empires disappearing in a digital poof. —Tom Foster

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ERIC RAY DAVIDSON AT
SNAPCHAT’S HEADQUARTERS
IN VENICE, CALIFORNIA,
ON JUNE 15, 2015.**

Cooper became the most famous anchor in the world by being there, on the ground, in whatever hellhole happened to be dominating the news cycle (combat in Afghanistan and Iraq, New Orleans in the aftermath of Katrina, post-earthquake Haiti . . . Times Square on New Year's Eve). He's perfected the art of being in the right place at the wrong time, wrong for anyone but a field reporter turned network star—a rarity after news budgets were slashed and bureaus closed in the 1980s and 1990s (it was cheaper, the brass reasoned, to have the story come to the high-priced talking head rather than have the high-priced talking head go to the story). “Anderson is a throwback to a time when there were a lot of first-class field reporters,” says former CBS anchorman Dan Rather. “There’s a line that runs through Sir Henry Stanley—the journalist who located Dr. Livingstone in the wilds of the Congo and uttered the phrase ‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume?’—and Anderson’s in that line.”

Cooper's path took him to conflict zones around the world, first as a freelancer and subsequently at Channel One News and ABC before he joined CNN in 2001. Then, on August 29, 2005, Hurricane Katrina hit the northern Gulf Coast. Three days later, in Mississippi, Cooper interviewed then-Senator Mary Landrieu of Louisiana, eviscerating her for praising federal relief efforts. “I gotta tell you,” he interrupted, “there are a lot of people here who are very upset and very angry and very frustrated, and when they hear politicians . . . thanking one another, it kind of cuts them the wrong way right now, because literally there was a body on the streets of this town yesterday being eaten by rats.”

Cooper's smackdown was prescient. He was taking on the role of “citizen journalist” long before the term gained cultural traction, even while on the payroll of a global news-gathering operation. At that moment, Cooper's outrage was singular. Expressing it connected

him with viewers in a way TV newsmen rarely had before, and it conferred on him far more credibility than the hothouse plants under the studio lights in Midtown Manhattan. After the Landrieu incident, *New York* magazine reported that “bloggers lit up the Internet with Go Anderson! cheerleading.”

You'd think the sometimes tough-talking anchor of *Anderson Cooper 360°* would find solidarity with the Twittersphere—a 24-7 exercise in speaking truth to power if ever there was one. But you'd be wrong. Going down that rabbit hole—reading what people tweet about you—is a form of narcissism Cooper says he's generally wise enough to avoid (though if you're one of the people who tweet pictures of the White Walkers from *Game of Thrones* at him, yes, he says, he sees the resemblance).

“You don't want a creeping sense of entitlement to take over. That's how ‘anchor monsters’ get made,” Cooper says. “The one thing about this job: You can't be phony, and you can't lie. I think those are pretty simple standards to live by.” Although he's too polite to name names, one needn't be an investigative reporter to conjure up recent media scandals. After all, you don't get immortalized in wax by melting into the background. —Bret Begun

Clothing by **Prada**.
Belt by **Anderson's**.

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY LISA KERESZI
AT COOPER'S HOME IN NEW YORK
CITY ON JUNE 23, 2015.**

IN ANDERSON COOPER'S OFFICE AT CNN, overlooking the southwest corner of Central Park, sits a bust of . . . Anderson Cooper. This would be a douche move were it not for the fact that Cooper covers up the statue—a gift from Madame Tussauds New York, where he's enshrined—with a gas mask.

Being cast in wax suggests status—that you've reached the pinnacle of your profession, or at least close enough for a museum to charge tourists 29 bucks for a selfie with your likeness. But it might also suggest something a serious newsman would rather not contemplate—namely, that his fame is the result not of talent but of telegenics (a shadow that's followed every anchor since William Hurt portrayed the ultimate empty talking head in 1987's *Broadcast News*). But Cooper, 48, came by the wax homage the old-fashioned way: He earned it. The gas mask and the Tyvek suit he keeps on hand aren't for show. They're there in case he needs to go live at 8 P.M. from someplace where breathing the air could be detrimental to his health.

15

THE NEWSMAN **ANDERSON COOPER**

30

From the war-torn Middle East to post-Katrina Louisiana, the host of *Anderson Cooper 360°* secured his seat at the anchor desk one battlefield at a time.

STYLING BY JUSTIN BERKOWITZ. GROOMING BY ANDREW FITZSIMONS AT ABTP.COM USING ORIBE.



15

THE FORTUNE-TELLER NATE SILVER

This number-crunching nerd
beat the TV talking heads to become
the most trusted man in politics.

60

ONCE UPON A TIME, WE RELIED ON IMPARTIAL men in suits to tell us what was happening in the race to run the country. But cable news and the endless parade of pundits and operatives paid to fill 24 hours of airtime ruined all that. The blather. The bloviation. The barely informed, ideologically biased commentary. Why bother?

Now we put our faith in dispassionate data. Which is how Nate Silver, a pencil-necked University of Chicago econ alum, became our most influential political journalist.

A decade ago, Silver was known, if he was known at all, as the geek behind the sabermetrics baseball-forecasting system PECOTA—a bit of extracurricular cleverness he'd cooked up while slogging through a postcollegiate consulting gig. Not even Silver could have predicted how big he'd become—though predicting is what he does best. “I saw how the whole *Moneyball* thing was changing baseball, and it seemed that politics had yet to move in that direction,” he says today. “But I didn't think I'd be the one to move it.”

Silver's ascent has been nothing short of meteoric: the 2008 launch of FiveThirtyEight.com; the 5,000 percent traffic increase in a matter of months; the uncanny state-by-state presidential forecasts—49 for 50 in 2008, 50 for 50 in 2012.

When Silver, who once described punditry as “fundamentally useless,” gave Barack Obama a nearly 90 percent chance of defeating Mitt Romney toward the end of

the 2012 election, *New York Times* columnist David Brooks went so far as to characterize quants like Silver as citizens of “silly land.” But Silver, 37, was right, and Brooks and his fellow talking heads were wrong.

Everyone has an opinion, especially in a hyperpolarized age like ours. Wielded judiciously, statistics can get journalists closer to something approximating the truth. “At a time when so much political analysis is either theater criticism or simply partisan spin, Nate put the science back in political science,” says George Stephanopoulos of ABC News, where Silver is a special correspondent. “And he forced the field to follow.”

Today, pretty much all of the most buzz-worthy new-media ventures have placed a Silver-like emphasis on data: Quartz, The Upshot, Vox, Wonkblog. As for Silver, since 2013 he's licensed his FiveThirtyEight site to ESPN, where he oversees a team of two dozen, covering not just politics but also culture, economics, science, and—of course—sports. One recent piece quantified the unlikelihood of Alex Rodriguez's current comeback, another measured how quickly views on same-sex marriage have shifted, and a third created a semi-statistical ranking of the best burritos in America.

And then there's the 2016 election to prepare for. Silver predicts that, despite the

media attention given to Bernie Sanders, Hillary Clinton has “an 80 to 95 percent chance” of winning the Democratic nomination; that Jeb Bush is less likely to wind up topping the GOP ticket than either Marco Rubio or Scott Walker; and that—based on current economic data, Obama's job-approval ratings, and larger historical trends—the general election is looking like a 50/50 toss-up.

Silver insists that he won't soften his stance on the punditocracy anytime soon. “It's not like, whoa, now that I've hit the ‘big time,’ I'm going to go be buddy-buddy with Joe Scarborough and David Brooks,” he says. “No, it's pretty fundamental: In journalism, we're in the nonfiction business—that's the reason I got into this game to begin with.”

—Andrew Romano

Tuxedo by **Brunello Cucinelli**.
T-shirt by **Unis**. Shoes by **Robert Clergerie**. Socks by **Pantherella**.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TETSU
KUBOTA AT ONE WORLD TRADE
CENTER IN NEW YORK CITY
ON JUNE 17, 2015.

STYLING BY JUSTIN BERKOWITZ. HAIR BY KENSHIN ASANO AT L'ATELIER NYC USING ORIBE HAIR CARE. MAKEUP BY LARAMIE GLEN.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROBERT MAXWELL
IN WEST HOLLYWOOD
ON JULY 9, 2015.

IT WAS LATE 2001, AND RYAN SEACREST—then all of 26 years old—was about to make a decision that would alter the course of pop-culture history. He was contemplating two jobs. He could succeed Louie Anderson as the host of *Family Feud*, one of the most beloved (or, at least, durable) game shows on television. Or he could take a chance on an iffy-sounding new reality program Fox was cobbling together as a summer replacement series for 2002.

"They told me I had till Monday to decide," Seacrest, now 40, recalls of the agonizing weekend he spent pacing around his apartment. "*Family Feud* was the bigger opportunity. But for some reason—I'm still not entirely sure why—I ended up choosing *American Idol*." Imagine the butterfly effect if he'd chosen differently. Today, Kim Kardashian might be folding sweaters at a Zara in Century City.

Like Kardashian, Seacrest doesn't sing. Or dance. Or act. Or play a musical instrument. He doesn't do anything, really, that could be considered a talent in the traditional sense of the word. And yet you'd be hard-pressed to point to another reality star who's had a bigger impact on the Zeitgeist. Seacrest has parlayed his cheerful on-camera disposition—"If he had a tail, he'd wag it," former *Idol* judge Simon Cowell once said of him—into

a multimedia empire, amassing a personal fortune that *Forbes* estimates to be at least \$200 million while making his pleasantly handsome mug one of the most recognizable faces on earth.

Today, his tentacles are all over the infotainment landscape. His two radio shows, *On Air With Ryan Seacrest* and *American Top 40*, each draw 20 million listeners a week. He's appeared on virtually every channel on TV, hosting ABC's New Year's Eve broadcast for the past nine years, conducting Oscars red-carpet interviews for E! for the past 11 years, reporting for NBC from last year's Winter Olympics in Sochi, Russia, and, of course, hosting *American Idol* for the past 14 years (a 15th and final season premieres in January).

Then there are the scads of reality programming he's produced, including, in 2007, a little family drama called *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, along with its spin-offs, *Khloé & Lamar*, *Kourtney & Kim Take New York*, *Kourtney & Kim Take Miami*, and *Kourtney & Khloé Take the Hamptons* ("I didn't give birth to them—I just thought they'd make a good TV show," Seacrest says of E!'s most lucrative franchise ever). But wait, there's more. He's not only a huge online star—"I really want a warm cookie," he recently retweeted to his 13.7 million followers—he's also an Internet entrepreneur (investing in Pinterest, among other start-ups), a restaurateur (as part-owner of the BOA Steakhouse chain in Los Angeles), a philanthropist (his Ryan Seacrest Foundation builds broadcast-media centers within pediatric hospitals), and even a fashion figure (with his own clothing line at Macy's).

"He's a generalist, and there aren't a lot of those around right now," says Larry King, a longtime friend and mentor (they met in 2002 when Seacrest introduced himself at Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris). "He understands media, and he knows current trends, but he also knows gentleness. In an age when we have screaming Fox News types on TV, he's very easy to take."

Even Seacrest makes mistakes sometimes: His latest reality show—this summer's *Knock Knock Live*, in which quiz teams visit everyday Americans at their homes—got axed by Fox after only two episodes. But for the most part, Seacrest has navigated the cultural currents better than just about anyone else. "I wouldn't say he can predict the future," says Charlie Walk, the executive vice president of Republic Records, "but he always knows which way the culture is going before anyone else. He's incredibly clued-in. We text or e-mail every day—and it's always about what people are talking about."

"I'm in a fortunate place," Seacrest says, acknowledging his improbable spot in the show-business firmament: a superstar with no tangible entertainment aptitude. "I remember when I first came here, I was so enamored with Hollywood and show business and movie stars—and I still feel that way. I still look up at the Hollywood sign and think, That's pretty cool!" —Benjamin Svetkey

THE MEDIA MOGUL RYAN SEACREST

The face of *American Idol* is the faceless force behind a radio, restaurant, retail, and reality-show empire without peer.







THE GAME CHANGER ALEX RODRIGUEZ



Just when we thought he'd struck out for the last time, the ultimate all-star bounced back to become baseball's golden boy—yet again.



WE TEND TO FEEL WE KNOW OUR BASEBALL players better than other athletes. That 162-game Passion play known as the Major League Baseball season, taken in through rivers of tedium and beer, gives them six months a year to amaze us, to disappoint us, or, far more often, to seem remarkably like us: muddling along as best they can.

For 21 years, for better or for worse, in black, white, and seemingly every shade of gray, Alex Rodriguez has been sports' great avatar: The Phenom. The Pinstripe Celebrity. The Fallen Idol. And—with his amazing 2015 season—the Redeemed. As much as we like a comeuppance, "America loves a comeback," says Rodriguez's longtime friend Mark Cuban, the owner of the Dallas Mavericks and one of the few people to stand by Rodriguez through his year of disgrace.

A-Rod entered his third decade in the public eye the picture of hubris chastened, his final record seemingly the 162-game suspension meted out in 2013 by then-commissioner Bud Selig. Even if he did return, that massive long-ball torque of his had compromised his hips for so long that by age 37 they both required extensive surgery. "That season away was a blessing in disguise," Rodriguez says, "if only just for my physical recovery. A chance to add yoga and Pilates to my conditioning. To refocus. To reconstruct."

Indeed, Rodriguez, now 40, has defied the odds since Opening Day. In May, he passed Willie Mays with his 661st homer; in a single fortnight in June, he bested Stan Musial in runs scored, got his 3,000th hit, and drove in his 2,000th RBI; and in July, he up

and clobbered three homers in Minnesota that helped the Yankees nail first place going into August.

More confounding still has been that face: so eerily youthful at the plate, so focused in the dugout, so clearly at peace. "Even more than the numbers, it's been the way Alex has carried himself all season," says the sportscaster Bob Costas, who first met Rodriguez in his early years in Seattle and has known him well at every juncture of his career. "Funny thing is, that's the guy I've always known: just a fan of the game—always talking about it, playing it, studying it, and working very, very hard at it."

It took an epic, 452-foot shot in Minnesota for Rodriguez to permit himself a brief smile as he rounded third. It was baseball's apotheosis, that grin: just a boy of summer, marveling at what can happen on a diamond-shaped field. He was one of us again.

"I was like, 'Holy shit, I can't believe that just happened, that I just did that,'" Rodriguez says, laughing. "I mean, I get old, but that feeling doesn't. But you know, what I was thinking about that whole year away is that it's not just about homers, or even winning. It's an appreciation of what the game is, what it gives you, what you can give back. And that's really about how you comport yourself. It's a respect thing."

"It's what I told Alex during the suspension," Cuban says. "A chance for him to get his body right, leave all the headaches behind, come back to the Yankees, and play for the love of the game."

Forget the numbers, even the redemption saga. Does Rodriguez—more than Lance Armstrong or Sammy Sosa or Tiger Woods or any of the myriad other fallen sports idols—deserve such equanimity? Should redemption be as easy as playing a game from your childhood? The simple answer is a resounding yes—as anyone who's been to a

2015 Yankees game and seen the outpouring of feeling for Rodriguez, both in the stands and in the dugout, can attest.

The less simple answer is that A-Rod has always stood apart, his once-in-a-generation abilities all but exempting him from the rules that bind mere mortals of the game. Drafted first out of high school in 1993 and blessed with five-tool talent and killer good looks, he went on to win the free-agent jackpot in 2000: His \$252 million deal with the Texas Rangers was twice Kevin Garnett's record NBA contract three years earlier.

"When you add to that immense wealth and talent the sheer fame of Alex in pinstripes starting in 2004—and he did become as much a celebrity as a ballplayer in New York," Costas says, "you really see the spirit of the times running through Alex. Perhaps even more so than with traditional heroes like Derek Jeter and Cal Ripken."

His arrival in New York just as social media became the new normal, with its instant judgment and false promise of a vox populi, meant that Rodriguez's warts-and-all humanity took a beating it almost certainly didn't deserve. Cuban calls it a vicious cycle in which "traditional media has to be louder and social media just encourages more of it. All things considered, I think Alex did a great job with it."

Yet at a time when image has become so glibly reified, the legacy of the most identifiable athlete in that most American of sports remains in limbo. "Hmm. My legacy?" Rodriguez thinks long and hard. "More than anything, what I hope for, what I hope I can impart to others, is that I'm someone who fell and got up. I'd like to be remembered as someone who came back."

"There's no doubt, it is an extremely complicated legacy," says Costas. "Not to mention that there are quite likely untold chapters still to be written. But if you ask what the man deserves, maybe the best answer is for him to have it in his own hands. Who doesn't deserve that?" —Ivan Solotaroff

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBBIE FIMMANO
AT RODRIGUEZ'S APARTMENT IN
NEW YORK CITY ON AUGUST 8, 2015.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT THAT FOUR OF THE FIVE most popular war movies of the still-young millennium—*Black Hawk Down*, *Zero Dark Thirty*, *Lone Survivor*, and *American Sniper*—recount the true stories of U.S. Special Operations Forces. Or that these films bear little resemblance to such call-in-the-cavalry classics as John Wayne's *Sands of Iwo Jima*—or to more recent (and morally murky) fare like *Apocalypse Now* and *Platoon*, for that matter. “The nature of war movies has changed because the nature of war has changed,” says Peter Berg, who embedded with Navy SEALs in Iraq before directing *Lone Survivor*. “In modern conflicts, the bad guys require a surgical approach; carpet bombing and large-scale invasions don’t apply. The threat is real, and thanks in large part to our Special Operations Forces, we’ve been able to keep it off our soil.”

In the post-9/11 world, there’s nothing conventional about conventional warfare. Battle lines bleed into uncertainty, enemies don’t don uniforms, and Normandy-style beach invasions have given way to deadly bouts of whack-a-mole—on the ground and at the movies. Just ask the *Lone Survivor* himself, Marcus Luttrell.

As readers of Luttrell’s memoir and viewers of the \$150 million-grossing film know all too well, on June 27, 2005, a Chinook helicopter delivered Luttrell and three other members of SEAL Team 10—Matthew Axelson, Danny Dietz, and Michael P. Murphy—to the jagged mountains of Afghanistan’s Kunar province

for Operation Red Wings. Their target: Ahmad Shah, the leader of a local militia. While conducting surveillance, the men were discovered by a handful of goat herders; within 90 minutes, the team was outnumbered and outgunned by dozens of Taliban fighters. “Growing up, I watched Charlie Sheen in Navy SEALs and thought, I want to be in that exact situation,” Luttrell says. “But it’s different when the bullets start zipping past you.”

A two-hour firefight ensued and the SEALs radioed for assistance, but when reinforcements arrived, the Taliban shot down their Chinook, killing everyone aboard—eight Special Ops aviators and eight SEALs. On the ground, only Luttrell survived. Although he’d broken his back and nose, cracked his pelvis, and bitten his tongue in half, he managed to crawl seven miles to a village, where Army Rangers extracted him. “It’s about the brotherhood, it’s about the guys who are willing to die for each other, no matter what,” Luttrell told Fox News’ Megyn Kelly after the film’s boffo opening weekend.

President John F. Kennedy deserves credit for building that brotherhood (and, as of mid-August, sisterhood). As guerrilla warfare unfolded in the jungles of Vietnam, Kennedy committed \$100 million to expanding U.S. Special Forces, formalizing a shift toward nimble teams of elite operators who can adapt, improvise, and overcome in the air, on land, and at sea. Go fight the Taliban where they live? They’ve got us covered. Rescue an American cargo-ship captain from Somali pirates? Check. Al Qaeda? You bet: It was on another zero-dark-thirty mission that SEALs took out Osama bin Laden. It’s an endgame without end: Today, “these folks have the burden of turning the tide in Syria and Iraq,” says Michael O’Hanlon, codirector

TEAM NEVER QUIT, PHOTOGRAPHED BY GILLIAN LAUB AT PATRIOTS THEATER AT THE WAR MEMORIAL IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, ON JULY 31, 2015.

of the Center for 21st Century Security and Intelligence at the Brookings Institution.

In 2007, Luttrell (opposite, second from right) retired from the Navy after 18 years of service and founded an organization called Team Never Quit, a mix of Army and Navy Special Operations Forces veterans—including (from left) Pete Scobell, David Coggins, and Chad Fleming—who tour the country inspiring others to overcome adversity. Drop the word *hero* and Luttrell, 39, will say in his Texas twang, “No, man, I’m just one of many guys who got the right training and did his job. There are guys out there charging non-stop right now. No heroes. Just guys doing their jobs.”

The man means what he says, but we respectfully disagree. Among the thousands of everyday heroes of our volunteer military, Luttrell represents a caliber of bravery unique to U.S. Special Operations Forces. Which is perhaps why they’ve become such pop-culture catnip, blanketing the bookstore, the airwaves, and the multiplex with their stories of derring-do, an invisible army that, although clandestine, has nevertheless become the public face of the war on terror—and the John Waynes of our generation. —Maximilian Potter



THE WARRIORS SPECIAL OPERATIONS FORCES



Films like *Lone Survivor* and *Zero Dark Thirty* have helped turn the U.S. military’s clandestine Special Ops into the pop-culture face of the war on terror.





WHEN DID YOU FIRST NOTICE THE INVISIBLE hand steering you through the culture? When it propelled you onto the dance floor as Nelly's "Hot in Herre" came on—just as it would a decade later with "Blurred Lines"? When it got you wondering, with "Get Lucky," how you'd survived since your last dose of Daft Punk? When it made you its minion with "Happy," that earworm single from *Despicable Me 2*, of all places—three minutes and 52 seconds of pop perfection that had you feeling like, yes, a room without a roof? When it got you watching—admit it, loving—*The Voice*?

The fact is, we're all on Team Pharrell and have been for years—whether we knew it or not. Sure, we've grown accustomed to Pharrell Williams, 42, being front and center—in his own and fellow artists' music videos, on a prime-time reality-competition juggernaut, rocking a statement hat at the Grammy Awards, resplendent at every high-profile runway show. But assessing his importance solely as a standalone star would be like taking the measure of Ray Charles only after he'd popped up as a pitchman for Diet Pepsi. Williams' public emergence comes after decades spent behind the scenes, crisscrossing the cultural spectrum, influencing the influencers, and setting the trends for the trendsetters.

His success as a performer—both as a solo artist and as part of the seminal rock/hip-hop outfit N.E.R.D.—is respectable enough, but it's Williams' stature as a shaper of other artists' sounds that is unrivaled. Named Producer of the Decade for his work with the Neptunes

at the 2009 Billboard R&B/Hip-Hop Awards, he's taken home 11 Grammys and given us 38 Top Forty songs, including six No. 1's. The singles and albums he's turned out have sold more than 100 million copies. The list of those he's teamed up with includes Miley Cyrus, Madonna, J.Lo, Gwen Stefani, Britney Spears, and Beyoncé—and that's just the diva division. In hip-hop, there's a legion led by Jay-Z and Kanye; in pop, a who's who that features Justin Timberlake and Maroon 5. You get the idea: His hitmaking transcends genre—to say nothing of celebrity stature, with Williams variously nurturing young talent (Ed Sheeran), spearheading career comebacks (Missy Elliott), and, if only to prove that he can, making singers more culturally relevant than they have any right to be (with all due respect, Robin Thicke).

Williams' collaborators are quick to affirm the breadth and depth of his influence. To poll them is to cue the ravings of a fan club. "When we make magic, we could, like, explode with how excited we are, and I think that's the energy everyone gets from Pharrell," says Cyrus. "I envy him, honestly. He is a true genius," says the artist Takashi Murakami, another sometime co-conspirator. "There can be only one Pharrell," adds Adam Levine, who's seen Williams' talents up close, both as a producer and as a fellow coach on *The Voice*. "We can always count on him to push us all to be better and more unique. I believe he is and will always be remembered as one of the most important artists we've got."

Some of his associates could be called acolytes, others peers, but to Williams, a founding father of Collaboration Nation, all interaction is fuel for inspiration. "You get a crash course in someone's life, a crash course in another discipline, and a crash course in a new way of thinking," he explains. "Every time I collaborate, I learn something new that changes me, that lifts me to a different place. I couldn't have the career I have now if I didn't converge with so many really talented artists."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK SELIGER
IN MIAMI ON JULY 26, 2013.

Ask Williams about his singular place in the culture—at the controls of the mixing board that Auto-Tunes our tastes—and even he struggles to explain the inner workings of his infectiously cool sensibility. "It's kind of like getting dressed every day," he says. "You wake up and realize what it is you want to wear. What's it based on? How you're feeling. What I do is kind of like being a stylist." These days, Williams' moods dictate the way we outfit our lives, from music and television to fashion and fine art.

Even with an armload of hyphens, you'd find it tough to settle on a job title. "I used to fight it," he says. "But you know what? I'm happy to be called a musician—because its classical definition means one who has been inspired by the muses. And I have muses of all types."

Williams' protestations at talk of his legacy lead inevitably to the very conclusion he's trying to avoid. "I'm just happy to be a punctuation mark in the book of history," he demurs. But even that nod to modesty quietly claps along to Williams' truth: that when the account of popular culture is written, his will be an exuberant, indelible presence—an exclamation point. —Alex Bhattacharji

10

THE HITMAKER PHARRELL WILLIAMS

13

He's the man with the Midas touch, turning everything he tackles—from music and television to fashion and fine art—into 24-karat cool.





THE DISRUPTERS REED HASTINGS AND TED SARANDOS



Sixty-five million subscribers worldwide can't be wrong: How Netflix's CEO and its chief content officer turned TV on its head and made anytime-anywhere watching the new norm.

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE ADRIATIC, A three-star general is twirling his mustache as he waits for *Orange Is the New Black* to buffer.

In 2010, Time Warner CEO Jeffrey Bewkes famously dismissed the threat of Netflix's surging popularity by sniffing, "Is the Albanian army going to take over the world? I don't think so." Five years later, having gone from mailing DVDs to streaming the most binge-worthy programming of our time, Netflix not only clobbers Time Warner's offspring HBO in number of U.S. subscribers (40 million versus 30 million) but also provides near-infinite new ways for humans to loaf around watching *Pootie Tang*.

Together, CEO Reed Hastings, 55, and chief content officer Ted Sarandos, 51, are the architects of what might be described as the Television Liberation Movement. In the 88 years since Philo Farnsworth's Image Dissector first transmitted a ghostly picture of a straight line, the box itself has dictated the role of the viewer: Sit here. Watch this. Netflix upended all that. "TV is a miracle, but it can also be very constraining," Hastings says with Sarandos to his right at the company's offices in Beverly Hills. They don't much look like revolutionaries—graying temples, polished footwear, matching white dress shirts—but so be it. "When you get the freedom to watch when you want and where you want it," Hastings says, "it's startling."

Hastings launched Netflix in 1997 as a mail-order rental business after Blockbuster slapped him with a \$40 late fee on the movie *Apollo 13*. Soon enough, the ubiquitous floppy red mailers—you probably still have one gathering dust under an Ikea media cabinet somewhere—made Netflix the U.S. Postal Service's single biggest customer. The real

coup, however, arrived with streaming in 2007, though few foresaw the coming sea change at the time: When Netflix proposed in 2000 that Blockbuster incorporate Netflix as its online arm, the rental chain basically said, "Naw, we're good"—before going belly-up in 2013.

Netflix wasn't the first to deliver movies and TV digitally, but nobody else did it on such an industrial scale. Suddenly every living room—hell, every park bench—was ripe for a Dolph Lundgren film festival, and you could press pause whenever you needed to pee. It was all part of "our core value proposition—which is control," says Sarandos, who was a veteran of the video-store business before fast-forwarding himself into the future. ("The first Internet transaction I ever performed was to buy my Southwest Airlines ticket to go meet Reed," he says.) Today, subscribers stream some 40 billion hours of content annually, and Netflix accounts for 36.5 percent of all Internet traffic during prime time—more than twice as much as its nearest rival, YouTube, and nearly 10 times as much as Amazon and Hulu combined.

Those are the pipes, but two years ago Netflix got into the game of what flows through them. Seeing that viewers were especially drawn to political thrillers and titles starring Kevin Spacey and directed by David Fincher, Sarandos allotted \$100 million to put all three together in *House of Cards*, based on the BBC drama. ("It's *Richard III*, incredibly well done," Sarandos says.) The show has earned 29 Emmy nominations and, in the form of Spacey's President Frank Underwood, has stolen the mantle of southern, sexually opportunistic leader of the free world from Bill Clinton. Next came the heartbreaking, hilarious prison pariahs of *Orange Is the New Black*, a series so completely liberated that it both advanced the conversation about

LGBT rights and introduced the term *tampon sandwich* into the national lexicon. But take your pick: *Wet Hot American Summer*, *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt*, *Daredevil*, *Bloodline*, *Chef's Table*—there's a reason Netflix outdid itself again this year with 34 Emmy nominations.

In short, almost everything driving our viewing habits today can be traced to Netflix: binge-watching, TV anywhere, the cutting of cable cords across the country, the unbundling of HBO and Showtime. "It's called audience empowerment, and it's what makes Netflix such a visionary company," says *House of Cards* creator Beau Willimon. "Bypassing distinctions like prime time versus daytime, half-hour versus one-hour episodes, studio standards and practices, advertising—it opens the way to a whole new rung of innovation."

Indeed, Netflix may be nearly two decades old, but talk to Hastings and Sarandos and you'd think it was still in beta. The company is making an aggressive push into feature films, with more than a dozen projects in development, including Adam Sandler's *The Ridiculous Six* and a sequel to *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. Judd Apatow has a comedy series on the horizon. Baz Luhrmann is developing a musical drama. Chelsea Handler is filming four documentaries, to be followed by a talk show. And that's just the U.S. market. Now streaming in 50-plus countries, Netflix is producing content on no fewer than four continents. "By 2017, we want to be completely global," Hastings says. That's 190-odd countries—including Albania. —David Hochman

**SARANDOS AND HASTINGS
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS
MCPHERSON AT NETFLIX'S OFFICES
IN BEVERLY HILLS ON JULY 6, 2015.**

GROOMING BY ANNA BERNABE FOR KATE SOMERVILLE SKINCARE/ART DEPARTMENT. BACKGROUND IMAGES: PHOTOFEST (2).





THE WHISTLE-BLOWER **EDWARD SNOWDEN**



He lifted the lid on secret government surveillance to reveal how our freedoms were being abused in the name of national security.

OLIVER STONE'S UPCOMING EDWARD J. Snowden biopic may strike many moviegoers as redundant. The Wachowskis got there first.

The Matrix depicted a time when a lone fugitive would pierce the veil of the world as we know it to reveal the world as it actually is. Keanu Reeves' Neo—a.k.a. the One—alone saw the cascading green characters behind the carefully constructed façade. The letters and numbers that revealed to Snowden how the U.S. government was engaged in covert surveillance of our online activities and phone records might not have been green, but the effect of his revelations to journalists in 2013 was the same: to shatter our illusions and call into question the methods of the powers that be.

Predictably, the powers that be pushed back. "We need to hang him on the courthouse square as soon as we get our hands on him," Saxby Chambliss, former vice chairman of the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, said in July (unwittingly echoing the sentiments of *The Matrix's* Agent Smith, who was hellbent on enforcing the status quo at all costs). But whether you consider the former National Security Agency contractor a Benedict Arnold or a patriot in the vein of Paul Revere—Big Brother is coming! Big Brother is coming!—his acts reordered national priorities. If 9/11 was one inflection point, after which hoovering up data in the name of homeland security took precedence, Snowden's leak was another, in which average citizens were made to realize that, as a country, we'd gone too far. His disclosures forced

us to debate the balance between safety and civil liberties.

If you want to know just how directly Snowden has affected you, look no further than your iPhone. He showed that technology giants handed over proprietary customer information to the government—and later turned these entities into bitter public adversaries. Apple CEO Tim Cook's June attack on Washington's attempts to undermine constitutionally guaranteed rights—and on behemoths like Facebook and Google for monetizing their users' data—wouldn't have happened without Snowden.

Two years later, Snowden's bombshell continues to resound: In August, the *New York Times* reported that AT&T facilitated government spying on Internet traffic in what NSA documents call a "highly collaborative" partnership (casting the company's slogan, "Mobilizing Your World," in an entirely new light). "He brought everyone from libertarians to liberals into this alliance," says Stone, whose *Snowden*, starring Joseph Gordon-Levitt, will be released on Christmas Day. "He provoked a furious response." So furious that it led to the passage, in June, of the USA Freedom Act, which imposes for the first time strict limits on the bulk collection of the telecommunications data of U.S. citizens by intelligence agencies.

Snowden himself points to revelations that the government aggressively fought encryption efforts, with Uncle Sam arguing that you can't identify and catch the bad guys if you don't know what they're saying (and e-mailing and posting and texting and tweeting). Today, as a result of Snowden's actions, not only are there encryption technologies that protect users' privacy, but they

are being embraced by a newly technoliterate public. And therein lies Snowden's proudest achievement. "These technologies can extend those same guarantees of freedom of speech to people in places like China and Russia," says the 32-year-old via e-mail from Moscow, where he sought asylum after fleeing American authorities (he's charged with theft of government property and violating the Espionage Act). "Technology can defend basic liberties where politics can't."

It's natural to conclude, as many erroneously do, that the man who exposed a global surveillance program must be against surveillance. For the record, he isn't. He just wants it done with the knowledge and consent of the people. When he saw that we didn't have a seat at the table, he took matters into his own hands. "Everyone knew challenging mass surveillance would cost them everything," Snowden says. "Can you blame them? Everybody had something to lose, and there were no whistle-blower protections for contractors like myself. What can you do? I found my answer."

How history will judge him is anybody's guess, but there's a precedent. In 1971, Daniel Ellsberg, a military analyst employed by the RAND Corporation, turned over to the *New York Times* and other publications the Pentagon Papers—a top-secret study of U.S. decision-making in Vietnam from 1945 to 1968. Though he was vilified by many at the time, today Ellsberg's decision is seen as heroic, the kind of act that is critical to a functioning democracy.

Snowden similarly brought to light abuses perpetrated in our name, and it's difficult to imagine that future textbooks won't portray him as more Ellsberg than Arnold, one man against an all-powerful machine. "With luck, it won't be much worse than an epitaph," Snowden says when asked how students will be studying him 50 years from now. "He sought to reconcile a growing divide between morality and legality." —Bret Begun

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARTHUR BONDAR
AT THE ST. REGIS MOSCOW NIKOLSKAYA
ON JULY 31, 2015.**





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Alfa Romeo



peter FACINELLI

The rough and tumble neighborhood of Ozone Park, Queens was a formidable training ground for an actor whose career has run the gamut from a vampire patriarch to a self-obsessed doctor, and 90s teen heartthrob. "Saturday morning you either had to have a story where you got together with a girl or you had a fight," says Peter Facinelli, the first generation son of Italian immigrants. He grew up in a household with three sisters, an accordion playing father, a mother who judged new friends on how well (read: how much) they ate, and, in typical Italian fashion, a grandmother upstairs who spoke only Italian. To support a growing family in the states, Facinelli's father worked six days a week as a waiter after moving from Trento in Northern Italy, a place the actor returned to at 18 for the area's annual religious festival where he carried a statue of the Virgin Mary through town as a rite of passage.

After rigorous training across the river at NYU's famed Tisch School of the Arts, the actor forged one of the more compelling career paths in Hollywood, spurning the impulse to be typecast and pursuing roles that are unexpected to say the least. And more recently, at the helm of his own production company, he is telling stories on his own terms. "I like the idea of storytelling and as an actor, you're part of that storytelling. But as a producer, you get to plant seeds and tell stories on a bigger level." He also just finished work on a young adult novel he co-wrote called *After the Red Rain* (Little, Brown) a world he has rather intimate knowledge of given his role as Carlisle Cullen in *The Twilight Saga*. Peter will also appear as tech mogul Maxwell Lord on CBS's *Supergirl* this fall. "You never want to forget where you came from," he says, fondly remembering his loud but loving Italian-American home. "My father used to joke if you get two Italians together, they'll argue and fight. But if you put three Italians together, they'll sing."

fabio VIVIANI

As a global ambassador for the virtues of uncomplicated Italian food, Fabio Viviani's life as a continent-hopping entrepreneur is a far cry from his childhood, which consisted of food stamps and spending some nights on a chair since there weren't enough beds to go around at home in his native Florence. After charming American audiences in the fifth season of Bravo's *Top Chef*, Viviani parlayed his star turn into New York Times best-selling cookbooks, his own line of wine, olive oil and cookware endorsements and a Yahoo! web series. Then of course there are his several restaurants across the country: Cafe Firenze in L.A., Siena Tavern, Bar Siena, Prime & Provisions in Chicago as well as Mercato by Fabio Viviani. His humble upbringing forged in him a determination to succeed as well as an affable sense of humor about the highs and lows of his story, with food as an equalizing force. "Italian food is the kind of food that everybody's striving for. You know, it doesn't matter who you are. It's the food you go to whenever you have a bad day, whenever you have a get-together," he declares.

Talking to Viviani is like hopping into a powerful and agile car, not knowing where you're going but assuredly in good hands. He is prone to digression and you watch as ideas for variations on the dishes he loves or new restaurants pour out. As successful as Viviani has been, he is surprisingly devoid of a competitive streak. "I don't want to be the best chef out there. There's so much competition. I want to be everybody's grandma. You know why? Because you never argue with grandma," he says with a knowing laugh.

He would much rather give people delicious food in a comfortable setting than experiment and disrupt a tried and true formula: authentic and simple Italian cuisine. As difficult as his younger years may have been, it gave him an appreciation of honest and well prepared, which is to say unvarnished, Italian dishes that have made his restaurants in LA and Chicago such hits. "Wheels are wheels. You're not going to reinvent it. You can only make it spin a different way," he says of the restaurant industry and his place within it. Speaking of wheels, the first car Viviani bought? An Alfa Romeo 164.



Alfa Romeo



chris D'ELIA

To say comic Chris D'Elia is disciplined would be an understatement. He hones his stand-up act with an almost monastic reverence every evening at clubs around Los Angeles, much in the way he had his parents and brother in stitches nightly before going to bed in his native New Jersey. "I've done stand up for nine and a half years and the longest I haven't gone on stage is maybe seven days," he estimates. With the success of his smash Netflix special last April, *Chris D'Elia: Incorrigible*, and the third season of NBC's *Undateable* bowing this fall, Delia could be excused for taking a break from stand-up's punishing gauntlet. But the high of the instant laugh, like any drug, is addictive. "I'm able to get on stage literally every night and matter. Whether they like me or not, it still matters. And that really is what I'm addicted to."

Growing up Italian-American on the East Coast and later in Los Angeles, he noticed the passion and energy his family brought to even the most banal of situations, an observation

now part of his evolving act. "It's a very passionate way of being. The culture is very passionate. So I feel like the cars, the food, the language, the everything kind of show that." That passion and drive has made D'Elia one of the more watched comics of his generation, but he counters it with an ease and clarity that leave his audiences with the feeling they are shooting the breeze with a caustic but charming older brother.

His success, like any comedian's, was not won without some setbacks, and certainly the unavoidable moments of bombing on stage with new material, which he aptly compares to, "...a girl you love breaking your heart." But whether his act bombs or kills that night, the drive home, usually around 1am, in Los Angeles is an unexpected perk of the stand-up life. "There is no traffic then, which is surreal for LA, and it's just fun. And free. Open and quiet."







globe-trotting

This fall, broaden your horizons with standout pieces from Italy, France, Japan, and the other go-to centers of fashion—no frequent-flyer miles required. **Photographs by Maurizio Bavutti Styling by Matthew Marden**

THE BRITISH INVASION

From left: On Abiah Hostvedt: Coat by Burberry Prorsum, shirt and pants by Dunhill. On Ben Shaul: Coat by Vivienne Westwood, jacket, pants, and shoes by Burberry Prorsum. On Matthew Hitt: Jacket, shirt, and shoes by Alexander McQueen, pants by Topman. On Oli Lacey: Paul Smith. Socks throughout by Falke.





GERMAN ENGINEERING

From left: On Brook Klausing:
HUGO. On Ben Hill: Jil Sander.



BREWED IN BELGIUM

From left: On Robert Sipos: Coat, tank top, and pants by Ann Demeulemeester, shoes by Dries Van Noten.

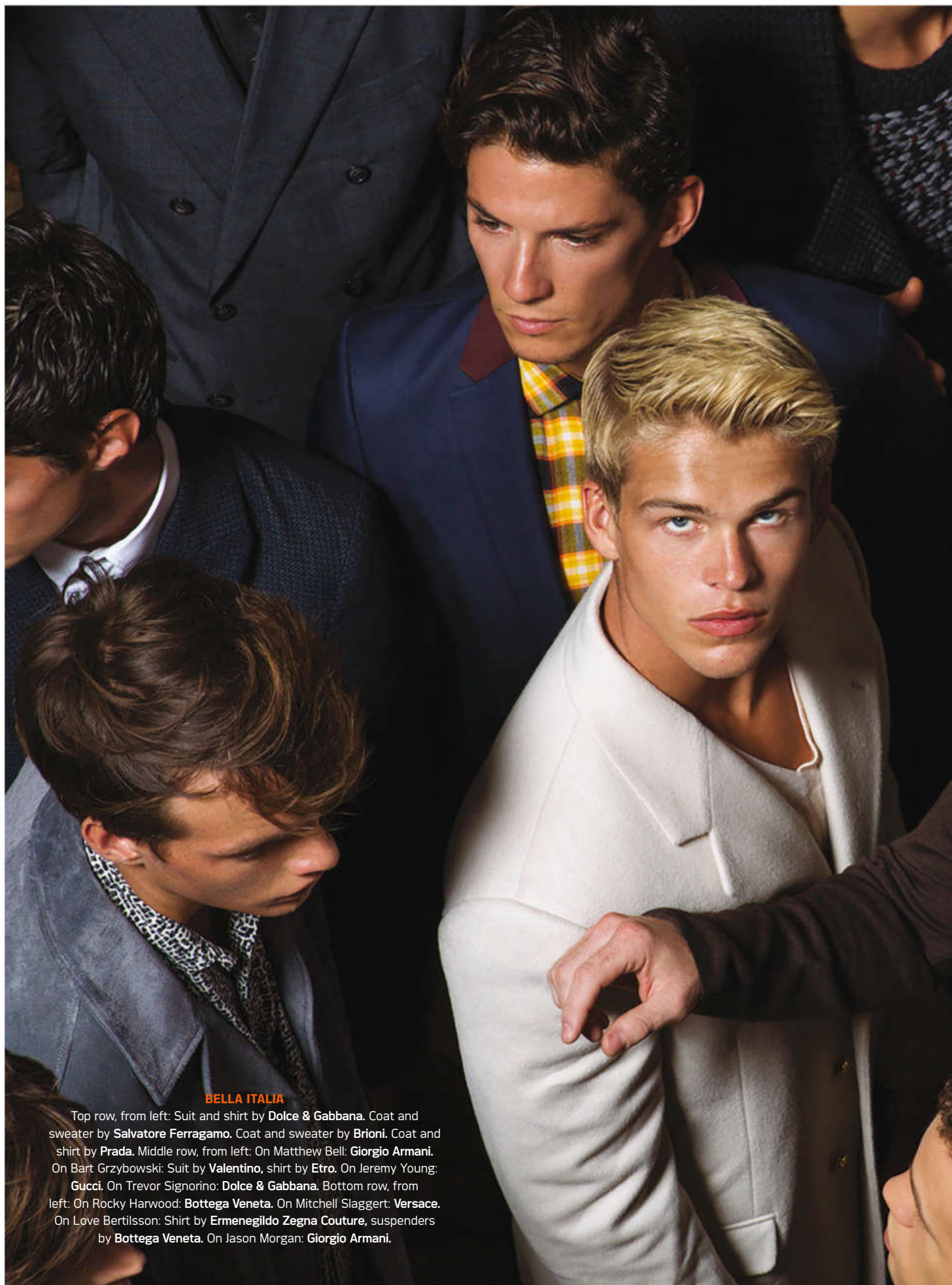
On Vincent Mantione: Tank top by Raf Simons, pants by Dries Van Noten, sneakers by Adidas by Raf Simons.

On Matthew Bell: Dries Van Noten.

On Adam Butcher: Coat by Raf Simons, shirt, pants and shoes by Dries Van Noten.







BELLA ITALIA

Top row, from left: Suit and shirt by **Dolce & Gabbana**. Coat and sweater by **Salvatore Ferragamo**. Coat and sweater by **Brioni**. Coat and shirt by **Prada**. Middle row, from left: On Matthew Bell: **Giorgio Armani**. On Bart Grzybowski: Suit by **Valentino**, shirt by **Etro**. On Jeremy Young: **Gucci**. On Trevor Signorino: **Dolce & Gabbana**. Bottom row, from left: On Rocky Harwood: **Bottega Veneta**. On Mitchell Slaggert: **Versace**. On Love Bertilsson: Shirt by **Ermenegildo Zegna Couture**, suspenders by **Bottega Veneta**. On Jason Morgan: **Giorgio Armani**.







THE AMERICAN EVOLUTION

From left: On Parker Gregory: Cardigan and pants by **Perry Ellis**, henley by **Kenneth Cole**, shoes by **Thom Browne New York**. On Clint Mauro: Cardigan and pants by **Tommy Hilfiger**, shirt by **Marc Jacobs**, sneakers by **Converse**. On James Norley: Sweater and pants by **Michael Kors**, shoes by **Kenneth Cole**. On Clark Bockelman: Coat and jeans by **Polo Ralph Lauren**, shoes by **Ralph Lauren**. On Tommy Dunn: **Tom Ford**. On Mitchell Winburn: Jacket by **John Varvatos**, shirt and shoes by **Thom Browne New York**, pants by **DKNY**.



BIG IN JAPAN

From left: On Ryan Keating: **Comme des Garçons
Homme Plus**. On Erin Mommisen: **Junya
Watanabe**. On Nyima Ward: **Yohji Yamamoto**.
On Rocky Harwood: **Issey Miyake**.





THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE

From left: On Julien Hedquist: **Hermès**.
On Jon Shepherd: **Saint Laurent** by
Hedi Slimane. On David Agbodji: **Louis
Vuitton**. On Flint Louis: **Dior Homme**. On
Hamid Onifade: **Givenchy** by **Riccardo Tisci**.
On Nicola Wincenc: **Lanvin**.

Hair by **Cash Lawless** at **Jed Root**.
Makeup by **Claudia Lake** for **Make Up For
Ever HD Primer**. Prop styling by **Fletcher
Chancey** for **Rob Strauss Studio**.
Casting by **Edward Kim** at **The Edit Desk**.





◆ Why You're Hearing About It

Eating insects isn't just everyone's favorite *Survivor* challenge anymore: Chefs at Michelin-starred restaurants are roasting, sautéing, steaming, and deep-frying all sorts of creepy crawlies. We're talking grasshopper tacos, baby-bee brûlée, and foie gras and crispy crickets with buckwheat. Now Silicon Valley is betting that entomophagy ("bug eating") could be the next big thing in snack foods. "Entopreneurs" are investing millions in start-ups like Exo (actual slogan: "Crickets are the new kale").

◆ The Big Promise

Nutrients! Many insects pack relatively high levels of amino acids, magnesium, omega-3 fatty acids, vitamin B12, and iron. Research shows that some caterpillars actually deliver more protein than lean ground beef. Cricket flour is high in protein and it's gluten-free. Plus, eating insects reduces your eco-footprint.

◆ What the Experts Say

"By 2050, animal protein won't be enough to cover everyone's needs. We are already eating the insects from the ocean—lobsters, shrimps, etc.—without questions! So let's eat the insects from the land!" —*Chef Laurent Quenieux, who was at a two-Michelin-star restaurant in France before pioneering pop-up dinners in Los Angeles that feature dishes like tacos with ant larvae*

◆ Let's Run the Numbers

35: Approximate number of crickets in one Chapul energy bar
\$1: Cost per ounce of cricket flour (all-purpose flour is three cents an ounce)
1,460: Approximate number of edible insect species on earth
7,500: Tons of edible bugs—caterpillars, grasshoppers, weevils, etc.—farmed annually in Thailand

◆ The Real-World Acolyte

"My body and mind run better on natural food sources. Cricket bars have a clean ingredient list, and I feel great eating them."
 —*Steve Parsonneault, a Colorado-based engineer and four-time CrossFit Games competitor*

◆ The Celebrity Acolytes

Zac Efron (Taiwanese cricket fan), Tyler Florence (investor in Bitty, a cricket-flour start-up), Bethany Hamilton (pro surfer, cricket-bar eater)

◆ Back to the Experts

"There's a million and one healthy ways to eat bugs and insects. We just have to look to the cultures that have been eating them for thousands of years. Cricket flour makes sense for people who have gluten allergies. But otherwise, replacement foods to me, in general, are bullshit! When crickets are roasted and ground and you overload it with a lot of other stuff to mask the unique flavor, you're fucking up the real thing. Why wouldn't you just eat the crickets?" —*Andrew Zimmern, host of Travel Channel's Bizarre Foods*

Eat Bugs?

SHOULD YOU

◆ How It Works

Unless you're traveling in a place where scorpion-on-a-stick is considered street meat (Beijing), odds are your bug consumption consists of prepackaged snacks made with cricket flour. Farmed crickets are sterilized, dry-roasted, and milled into powder. The final product, which has an earthy, nutty flavor, is included in energy bars, cookies, and chips.

◆ The Opposition

"Rather than eat the bugs ourselves—which requires overcoming a big cultural taboo—we should feed [bugs] to fish and chickens and then eat those animals. They will be much more excited at the prospect than we are, and it will take pressure off of fish stocks and grain stocks—a win, win, win." —*Michael Pollan, author of The Omnivore's Dilemma*



The Bottom Line

Cutting out gluten and feeling adventurous? Throw those cricket-flour energy bars into your cart at Whole Foods. Otherwise, find restaurants with creative chefs who are more likely to whip up dishes that impress rather than gross you out, like the grasshopper-crust-shrimp tacos at the Black Ant in New York City.

BUGGING OUT

Not sure which cricket-flour treat to keep in your cabinet? Our top choices for snacks that don't bite back:

SEA SALT CHIRPS

Three times the protein of Tostitos. Dip them in salsa and you (probably) won't know they're not tortilla chips. \$16 for three five-ounce bags; sixfoods.com

CHAPUL AZTEC BAR
 Dark chocolate with a

nice kick of cayenne. And only 150 calories. \$34 for a pack of 12; chapul.com

BITTY ORANGE GINGER COOKIES

Light and crisp, not super-sweet, and only 68 calories each. \$10 for a bag of 12; bitty.myshopify.com



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